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AT CHRISTMASTIDE.

BY M. R.

At Christmastide like pearls show
The berries on the mistletoe;
  The ivy green decks hut and hall,
  The rich man's home, the poor man's wall;
The holly's crimson berries glow,
The bells ring gaily to and fro
From turret high or belfry low,
  And home again the wand'rers call
    At Christmastide.

Youth has the joys but Youth can know,
Age lives again the long-ago,
  And blesses this glad festival
  That brings sweet hopes and thoughts to all.
  Friend welcomes friend, foe pardons foe
    At Christmastide!

IN SILKEN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

NEARLY five years after Lord Norman disappeared, Madge stood in the porch of the cottage. Girls, as an American humorist observed, have a habit of growing, and Madge had grown, and changed so considerably that if Lord Norman had come up the garden path at that moment, it is doubtful if he would have known her.

She had been a slim child, "all legs and wings," when he saw her last; she was now a woman, still slim, but exquisitely graceful, and lovely as an artist's dream.

The gray-blue eyes had grown still more wonderful in their capacity for expressing emotion. The oval of her face had taken unto itself perfection, and her dark soft hair was now so long and luxuriant that the task of confining it in the regulation coil at the back of the shapely head had become one of the troubles of her life.

To-night, for the stars were shining, and a harvest moon was idly mounting in the sky, she was dressed all in white; in some soft stuff that draped her graceful figure as happily as the Grecian robe draped the fair limbs of Galatea when Pygmalion called her into life; and as she put on a pair of cream-colored gloves, she looked first towards the gate and then up the stairs of the cottage expectantly.

"Aren't you ready, grandfather?" she called in the same voice that had throbbed Lord Norman's boyish heart, but rich with an added tone of indescribable music "Grandfather."

A door opened on the landing, and Mr. Gordon looked down at her. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and had a book and some flowers in his hand, and his face expressed bewilderment and some perturbation.

THE RESEMBLANCE WAS AS LIKE AS IF THEY HAD BEEN TWINS.

"I—I beg your pardon, my dear," he said.

"Oh, how wicked!" she exclaimed with a laugh. "You have forgotten all about the ball. And I might have stood here until to-morrow morning!"

"I'm—I'm afraid you might," he admitted, penitently. "I'm very sorry; the fact is I found these two specimens on my table——"

"And at once forgot all about the ball, and sat down to study them, and in the middle of your dressing, too! Grandfather, you are too bad."

She ran up the stairs, laughing softly, and pushing him into the room planted him in a chair, and, seizing the brushes, began to do his hair. The old gentleman offered no resistance—not even when she took the precious specimens from his hand, and insinuated an old-fashioned dress coat upon him.

"Now stand up and let me put one of these flowers into your button-hole."

"No, no," he said, hastily, rescuing them; "they are exceedingly rare."

"So is my patience," she said, smiling. "But never mind, I'll pick you a rose as we go out. How nice you look! Now don't you think you do?"

And she took him by the shoulders, and turned him to the glass.

But the old man looked beyond his own reflection to hers.

"Dear me," he said, with dreamy surprise. "How—how gorgeous you look, Madge! You are quite a woman!" And he smiled.

"I should think so," she retorted. "If one isn't a woman at nearly twenty, when is one likely to be? And you like my dress?"

He nodded emphatically.

"It is beautiful," he said. "You look like a white Godetia."

She laughed and blushed a little. "I'm glad you think I look nice, grandfather, because I made the dress myself. It's only nun's veiling at eightpence half-penny a yard, and it will look very insignificant beside all the rich dresses of the great folks, but I'm quite satisfied with it if you are. I shouldn't like to disgrace you, grandfather."

He smiled at her, and shook his head, and sinking into the chair again began in an absent kind of way to feel for the two specimens.

"Oh, no you don't!" said Madge, putting them beyond his reach, and taking his arm. "Come along, the fly must be here in another minute, and we don't want to be late. I shouldn't like to miss a minute. This is my first ball, you know. Grandfather, do you remember how you felt at your first ball?"

"I can't say I do, my dear," he replied absently as she pushed him gently down the stairs. "Very uncomfortable, I daresay, and I feel uncomfortable still. Dancing is a dreadful waste of time. I might have classified those specimens, and written up the seed list to-night," he added with a sigh.

"Well, you can classify all the various

human flowers we shall see to-night, instead," she said. "And there will be some very radiant ones, will there not? Everybody, gentle and simple, goes to the Chesney Harvest Ball, don't they?"

He nodded.

"Yes," she went on, "all the county people—all the grand people one sees in their carriages—will be there, mixing with us humble folk, the rare porcelain with the common clay."

"There is not much mixing," he said with a smile. "A thick red cord is drawn across the room dividing the clay from the porcelain."

"I see," she said archly. "The porcelain is so afraid of being broken."

He chuckled drily.

"I wonder what the rich and titled folk will do when they get to heaven. Will there be a silk cord there, grandfather?"

He looked at her rather curiously in his preoccupied way. Two or three times a day—sometimes in an hour—some speech of hers startled and bewildered him, for he had not yet realized that she had grown into a woman full of cleverness and wit.

They reached the porch, and Madge looked out for the fly. As she did so her eyes fell upon the garden seat, the seat on which she and Lord Norman had sat when they made their "bargain" nearly five years ago, and a subtle change came into her eyes: a touch of sadness, of wistfulness that lent a strange and peculiar charm to the lively face.

Five years naturally seem longer between fifteen and twenty than they do between, say, forty and forty-five, but though it seemed so long ago, Madge remembered every incident that occurred that afternoon and the night following—every word Lord Norman had spoken.

To no human being had she ever uttered a word of that boy and girl betrothal, but she thought and even dreamt of it, so that it had become a part of her very self, so to speak; and she never looked at the seat without that subtle expression of sad wistfulness coming into her eyes and adding to their charm.

The fly drove up, a ram-shackle vehicle from Marbrook, the nearest market town, and she and her grandfather entered and were driven off.

As they drove through the park gates, Madge glanced at the great red house upon which the moonlight was falling softly.

"Will the earl be there to-night?" she asked.

"I don't know. He generally is; but he has been ill, and seldom goes out. He may look in for half an hour or an hour. He rarely leaves the house and grounds now, poor man."

Madge did not echo the expression of sympathy. She had not forgotten that he had struck Lord Norman, and driven him from home, and—she had never seen him—had always pictured him as wicked and hard and cruel.

The fly arrived at the Town Hall, and drew up in line. The street was now crowded, and the carriages were crammed and jostled together with provincial confusion. Madge, looking out, could see richly-dressed ladies and distinguished-looking men alighting from their carriages and passing under the striped awning, up the passage of crimson baize, into the hall. Her eyes sparkled, and her pulse fluttered with half-pleasurable, half-painful excitement.

"How splendid they look!" she said with a smile. "I am glad I chose white nuns' veiling."

"Why?" he asked vaguely.

She laughed brightly.

"Because, if I had tried all my might I could not have approached the dresses of those great people; and so it's best to provide a contrast."

"I see," he said, though he did not. The fly crawled up to the entrance at last, and they got out and passed up the crimsoned-lined stairs into the hall.

Madge looked round with the unconcealed interest of youth. The large room, dingy enough on ordinary days, had been transformed into a fairy bower. The white-washed walls were covered with evergreens and draped with pink art muslin. Flags hung from the timbered roof, and the gaily-dressed throng was reflected in Venetian mirrors hired from London. The floors had been planed and polished, and a Hungarian band was playing a dreamy waltz, which set Madge's little feet moving softly.

This was her first ball, her first glimpse of the great world beyond the cottage garden, and little wonder if her heart beat and her eyes sparkled.

Her grandfather, who was always confused and bewildered and absent minded when outside his garden, had led her into a corner, where they were hemmed in by a portion of the crowd; but Madge was quite contented to stop there—for a time, at any rate.

"Tell me who some of them are?" she whispered, standing on tip-toe, though there was no need, for she had grown tall. "For instance, who are those who have just come in?"

He peered through his eye-glasses.

"Lord and Lady Ferndale," he said.

"How pretty she looks with her white hair," Madge murmured. "It is a sweet face."

"She is a very sweet woman," he said, absently.

"You know her, grandfather?"

"Yes, a little. I know Lord Ferndale better. I have met him at the Royal Society. But that's years ago," he added hastily.

Madge laughed softly.

"You ought to be among the great folk yourself," she said archly.

He shook his head.

"I am only the head gardener of Chesney Chase," he said with a smile, and should not be here only that everybody is here—tenants, townspeople, everybody."

"Who is that tall man with the big moustache?" she asked.

He looked round, following the direction of her bright eyes.

"Lord Rochester; 'the first gentleman in Europe' they call him. That is Lady Landon beside him. Lord Landon is talking to the mayor."

As he spoke, a tall fair lady entered with an equally tall, but still more delicately and etherially fair, girl by her side.

"Who are they?" asked Madge.

"Lady Delamoor and her daughter Sybil," said Mr. Gordon.

"She is very beautiful—lovely!" Madge murmured, gazing at her with the admiration one beautiful woman feels for another—of a different style. "They are going to dance; let us sit down."

Mr. Gordon looked round for a chair, and as he found one and gave it to her, Mr. Fletcher passed them. The five years had left the mark of ten upon his face and form, and his thin, hatchet face, marked by a thousand wrinkles, looked fearfully out of place in such a scene.

As he moved along slowly, looking sideways out of his hollow eyes, he caught sight of Mr. Gordon, and, stopping, glanced keenly from him to Madge.

"Good evening!" he said in his sharp, thin voice. "So you are here, eh?"

"Yes," said the old man. "Yes, Mr. Fletcher."

The steward stared at Madge, muttered something unintelligible and passed on.

"The earl is coming, or he would not be here," remarked Mr. Gordon absently.

"Why?" asked Madge.

"He never leaves the earl," replied the old man simply. "Do you want to dance, my dear? I am afraid you won't get many partners."

"I do not mind," she said contentedly. "It is quite enjoyment enough to look on. I don't see the red cord, grandfather."

"Not yet," he said. "They will not draw it across until the crowd gets greater, and the dancing more—more wild."

"I see," she said with a smile. And she leant back, with her hands clasped, and looked on at the gay scene, quite content, as she had said, to be a spectator. She watched the dancers, the couples promenading round the room, her feet softly beating time to the music of the band. Presently she became conscious that one girl stood out, as it were, from the throng, and received most attention.

It was the girl with the delicately fair face, Lady Delamoor's daughter, Sybil.

It seemed to Madge that she had already become the belle of the ball.

Madge looked at her admiringly, and yet with a certain reservation in her admiration. The face was lovely enough, the eyes blue as a forget-me-not, and yet—there was something in the face that jarred on Madge; a certain coldness, an expression of pride and hauteur which detracted from its fair loveliness.

She was startled from her reverie by a voice—

"Will you give me this dance, Miss Gordon?"

She looked up and saw the son of one of the largest of the tenant farmers standing beside her. He was a good looking young fellow, most awfully in love with her; he went to church every Sunday that he might gaze at her face.

She rose and took his arm, and they joined the dancers.

To some girls—one might almost write most girls—dancing comes naturally. Madge had received a few, half-a-dozen or more, lessons, and had picked up the new waltz, and, having a good memory and a keen ear, danced the square dances perfectly.

Before they had completed the third circuit of the room people were looking at her and asking questions. With those wonderful eyes of hers and the pure oval face, it was impossible for Madge to pass unnoticed even in such a crowd as this. Quite unconscious, she gave herself up to the waltz, seeing nothing, hearing nothing but the soft, bewitching music.

Her grandfather looked on with an absent-minded smile, and started mildly when a hand was put on his shoulder and a voice said—

"How do you do, Gordon?"

The old man dropped his eye-glasses, found and replaced them again, and looked up at the speaker.

"How do you do, Lord Ferndale?"

Lord Ferndale smiled down at him.

"This is the last place in which I should have expected to meet you," he said.

The old man smiled.

"I am here in charge of my granddaughter," he explained.

"Or she is in charge of you?" retorted Lord Ferndale laughing. "How is that book on the five-petalled flowers getting on, Gordon?"

The old man sighed and shook his head.

"It is a large subject, my lord," he replied. "Very large."

He had been at work on it for a score of years.

Lord Ferndale nodded sympathetically.

"You are quite right not to hurry," he said. Then after a pause he went on: "What a gay scene! You, who love bright colors in flowers, must enjoy it. What a lovely girl that is!" and he inclined his head to the dancers.

"Which?" asked Mr. Gordon dreamily.

"That girl with the dark hair and blue eyes; the one in the white dress, with the dark red rose in her hair."

Mr. Gordon peered through his glasses.

"I think you must mean my granddaughter, Madge, my lord," he said simply.

"Your granddaughter!" said Lord Ferndale. "I congratulate you, Gordon. She is the most beautiful girl in the room."

The old man blinked at him.

"She is a very good girl," he said inconsequently.

Almost as he spoke the waltz finished, and Madge and her partner came up.

"Introduce me, will you, Gordon?" said Lord Ferndale.

The old man made the introduction in his old-fashioned way.

"Your granddaughter and I are old friends, Miss Gordon," said Lord Ferndale. "I learnt something of botany from him, and a deuce of a trouble he must have had to teach me. Will you give me the next dance?"

Madge consented, and Lord Ferndale bore her off upon his arm.

Now, Lord Ferndale is a celebrity whose movements are watched with careful scrutiny, and not a soul in that crowded room failed to note his beautiful partner. In hushed and hurried voice the question was put, "Who is she?" And no one could answer.

When the waltz was over, Lord Ferndale by chance led his beautiful partner to a seat near Lady Ferndale, the lady with the white hair whom Madge had so much admired, and Lady Ferndale, in an undertone, asked—

"Who is your partner, Edward?"

"Let me introduce her," he said in his genial way.

"My dear, this is the granddaughter of one of the greatest botanists in the kingdom, Herbert Gordon. My wife, Miss Gordon."

Lady Ferndale with her sweet smile—and it was always sweet—extended her hand.

"I have heard my husband speak of your grandfather, Miss Gordon," she said. "I hope you are enjoying yourself?"

"Oh, very much," said Madge, in her direct way, and with the smile which had won Lord Norman's boyish heart. "This is my first ball."

Lady Ferndale looked at her with kindly interest. "I can remember my first ball," she said. "It was better than any of the others!"

Madge understood, and was about to make some response, when she saw a couple of footmen draw the red cord across the room. She arose with a faint flush.

"I must go back now," she said.

"Why need you?" asked Lady Ferndale. "I will take care of you. Your grandfather is talking to my husband, and will not miss you."

Madge hesitated a moment; then with her eyes fixed steadily on Lady Ferndale's, she said—

"I don't think your ladyship knows that I am in my wrong place here; I should be on the other side of the cord, with the tenants and servants."

Lady Ferndale suppressed a smile of amusement, not unmixed with sympathy.

"You shall go presently, if you wish," she said, "and I will go with you. I don't approve of that barrier."

"My grandfather is the Earl of Chesney's gardener," said Madge quietly.

Lady Ferndale nodded.

"That is scarcely a correct description, my dear," she said placidly. "To be in charge of the Chesney gardens and tropical houses is not quite the same as being a gardener. Stay where you are, my dear."

Madge, who had risen, resumed her seat, with an eloquent glance at the sweet face of the old countess.

"Here comes Lord Landon," said Lady Ferndale, as a tall, distinguished-looking man approached them.

"One of your proteges, Lady Ferndale?" he said, in a low voice.

She nodded.

And presently he led Madge off as his partner in a square dance.

The set was forming, and Madge saw that the couple opposite her and Lord Landon were Lady Sybil and a young squire of the neighborhood.

As Lord Landon and Madge approached, Lady Sybil stopped suddenly in the middle of a sentence she was addressing to her partner, and stared with cold hauteur at Madge. Then she drew back, and, fanning herself slowly, just as her mother had fanned herself five years ago in the Chase drawing room, said languidly—

"Do you know I don't think I care for this dance. Don't let me deprive you of it, however; you can take me back to my mother."

The squire stared. He saw that something was the matter, but could not in the least discern what it was, or what had offended her.

"Oh, I don't care for it in the least; I would rather sit it out with you, if you'll allow me, Lady Sybil," and he led her away. Another couple were quickly found to take her place, and Lord Landon, who had not noticed the haughty, insolent stare, began to talk to Madge. But her face was aflame, and her tongue tied. She had understood Lady Sybil's withdrawal from the set plainly enough; and immediately the dance was over she slipped her arm from Lord Landon's, and much to his astonishment lifted the red cord, and passed under it to the lower part of the room.

Her heart was beating painfully, but her face was pale and composed.

"Grandfather, aren't you tired?" she said, touching his arm; "wouldn't you like to go now?"

He looked up at her with vague astonishment.

"Go already?" he said evident satisfaction; then he shook his head. "We can't do that. It would seem singular to leave so early. Come and sit down, if you are tired."

She sat down beside him, and looked on at the dancers in silence. It had been her first experience of "the pride of this world"—her first lesson in social differences and distinctions—and it was naturally a bitter one to learn. She felt that she would rather die than pass the crimson cord again.

Presently she was conscious of a kind of stir, of subdued excitement, and looking up she saw the crowd at the door making way for a tall old man, with a stern and deeply-lined face, from which the dark eyes gleamed fiercely.

A smile, not so much forced an icy and steel-like, curved his lip now and again; it never shone in his eyes, which remained fierce and hard, as he beamed right and left in response to the respectful greetings of those past whom he moved.

"It is the earl," said Mr. Gordon in a low voice, but Madge had scarcely needed to be told.

As he came to where they sat his dark eyes rested on the old man, and in returning his bow he paused for an instant and looked keenly at Madge, who met his scrutiny with a cold defiance in her face. He was the man who had struck her boy-lover, and driven him into the wide, pitiless world.

"He is looking ill to-night," remarked Mr. Gordon, half absently.

Madge watched him as he joined the aristocrats; the expression of his eyes, the hardness of his smile, unchanged. He seemed to be like a ghost—an evil spirit moving amidst the human throng of happier mortals.

"Is it because he is ill that he looks so unhappy?" she asked.

Mr. Gordon hesitated, as if reluctant to discuss his employer, even with her.

"I don't know," he said. "Ill or not, he never seems happy. It is fortunate for all of us that we cannot peer into each other's lives, Madge."

"Has his been a wicked life?" she said almost to herself.

The old man started slightly, and looked at her with surprise.

"Why do you say that? You cannot know anything of his lordship's life, my dear."

"No," she said, "not much, grandfather——"

"How do you do, Miss Madge?" said a voice at her elbow. She turned her head quickly, and saw a tall young man with a thin, sallow face, and small eyes that were regarding her with a mixture of familiarity and covert watchfulness. He was thin and angular, and not by any means prepossessing, but there was an indication of some kind of power in his face that struck all who saw him, if even but for a few minutes only.

Madge did not recognise him at once. Then she said—

"It is Silas Fletcher, isn't it?"

His thin lip curved with an expression of disappointment and faint resentment.

"You soon forget old—old friends, Miss Madge," he said rather sullenly.

Madge smiled.

"Five years is a long while," she said.

"You have been away five years, have you not?"

"Yes," he said, leaning against the wall and thrusting his hands into his pockets. "Pretty nearly. But I should have known you if it had been ten, twenty years since I'd seen you."

"Perhaps I've not altered so much as you have," she said.

"Oh, yes you have," he retorted. "We have both grown up since we saw each other last; and you've grown——" He would have liked to have said "beautiful," but he dared not with those blue eyes steadily regarding him. "You've grown very much."

Madge laughed softly.

"I can return the compliment with interest," she said. "And have you been in London all the time?"

"Yes," he said, with an air of self-satisfaction, and pulling up his collar as he spoke. "Ah, London is the place for a man!"

Madge looked on him with the old feeling of dislike beginning to creep over her already. She noticed that he was fashion-

[CONTINUED ON SIXTH PAGE.]

OF BYGONE DAYS.

BY H. W.

Could I but hear the voice once more
That thrilled my heart in days of yore,
Its sweet, pathetic, tender power
Would soothe my spirit's darkest hour.

Before those notes of joy or pain,
The warbling bird would cease its strain;
And hov'ring lightly on the wing,
Enraptured, hear its rival sing.

Oh, wondrous power, sweet gift divine!
For which my wearied soul doth pine;
Oh, may I hear its sounds on High,
Mid angels' voices in the sky.

The Lady Joan's Suitors

BY M. C. W.

IT was Midsummer eve. I had been in to see my friend Harding's studio, full of all sorts of delicious bits, scraps in the present, promises for the future.

But even the studio was nothing to his den, a chaos of odds and ends dealing chiefly with the past; an old curiosity-shop, but picturesque and artistic in its arrangement. The room itself was large, and a fit setting for its contents. Square, wide-mouthed fire-place with antique andirons and old oak settle close by; deep recesses for the dark oak buffet and cabinets, oriel window, the upper lights of stained glass which threw rich-colored rays of tempered light upon the bizarre collection within. The effigy of a knight in armor filled one corner of the room; the gleam of steel shone on the walls from every kind of warlike panoply: corselets, gauntlets cuisses, shields, and weapons of every description. And the panels between were filled with antique portraits of those who, mayhap, had been the wearers thereof.

There was the gallant Cavalier with streaming love-locks,—a soldier of the Civil Wars—known familiarly to my friend's children as "Sir Guy." Tradition told of him that his mailed hand had been found on the battle-field after one of the First Charles' luckless fights, still grasping the Royal Standard, though his body itself had never been recovered. There was the Lady Eveline of the same period with the Vandyke hands and priceless lace. There were pages—no longer in waiting—hanging in oil and water-colors still in mute attendance as it seemed on the beauties of bygone Courts. Sweet women's faces looking out from sober coifs; Elizabethan gallants in ruff and doublet; and, gem of the whole gallery, Harding's pet picture of the Lady Joan Digby with her sad pathetic eyes; she who had been sometime maid of honor to the White Rose of York. I often thought she must have had a sorrowful history.

I had always had a special fancy for the antique, and my artist friend's collection had a strange charm for me. Oliver Harding was a connoisseur in such things, and plumed himself upon his treasures. For a moment I was mean enough to envy him as I went back that Midsummer-eve to my commonplace snuggery at home and lit my accustomed pipe.

While I mused dreamily as usual, and the smoke rings curled upwards between me and my bare and dingy walls, a familiar friend looked in who was wont to keep me company at such times, and we began discussing Harding's treasures. I don't exactly remember—perhaps the smoke stupefied me a little—but no doubt I must have offered to show him Harding's collection, for a few minutes later we both found ourselves standing upon the threshold of the artist's coveted den which I had so lately left. A great change had taken place in it since then.

I could not see anything of the master of the house, but apparently some sort of entertainment was on, for the whole room was full of light and moving figures. It could not be a dance, for the floor was strewn with rushes as was wont to be the custom in olden times. Yet apparently the guests were wearing fancy dress, for our nineteenth-century evening suit was conspicuous by its absence. The light came from torches stuck in the wall, which perhaps Harding thought more in keeping with the surroundings than gas-burners. (I hoped he was insured!) No one came to welcome us, and we felt rather out of it as we stood in the doorway looking on with rather bewildered eyes.

Presently however a Cavalier wearing a crimson sash across his shining corselet, and with bright curls falling over his shoulders, came up and accosted me.

"Noble sir! I have had a serious loss and am greatly inconvenienced," he began gravely. "It may be you can help me. Have you perchance found a hand anywhere?" He pointed to his right arm which was supported by a silken scarf, and I was horrified to perceive that the hand was missing. Surely this could be none other than Sir Guy himself!

"You will understand my dilemma, noble sir," he went on, "when I tell you that I have offered my hand and heart to the Lady Joan yonder." And he waved towards Harding's favorite possession, the portrait of a lovely girl in the quaint, straight-cut garments of the 15th century. "My heart, I need scarcely tell you, is in the right place; but alas! my hand is missing. How can I perform my promise?"

"My good sir," I began fussily (for I was nothing if not accurate), "the loss is vexatious of course, but the alliance you propose is, anyway, quite impossible!"

"On what grounds, sirrah!" he thundered fiercely. "Do you dare to question my choice?"

"Certainly not," I answered deprecatingly; "I also am one of the Lady Joan's humble admirers. But allow me to remind you that she was a maid of honor to the White Rose of York quite a hundred and fifty years before your time. The girl herself is all that is charming, but she is a girl of another period! You cannot join hands across the centuries!"

This unlucky remark seemed to infuriate him still further.

"Sir! you insult me!" he stammered; "I bid you defiance! My gauntlet lies upon the settle yonder; it belongs to my left hand; in fact, the only hand I have left. Master Oliver Harding picked it up cheap at a curiosity-shop in St. Paul's; but by St. George, when any other man picks it up I will fight him to the death."

I hastened to beg pardon for my unintentional offence and Sir Guy calmed down.

"My loss makes me irritable," he said sighing. "Under the circumstances it is so particularly awkward. But Never Despair is the motto of our house. I must continue my search." And he went his way gravely, eyes upon the rush-strewn floor.

I turned towards the lady of his admiration, who was bowing and smiling from her frame with eloquent eyes. A little group of men surrounded her, waiting for her notice; nevertheless, as I advanced, she descended to meet me, which I considered a great condescension, for she had been a rich heiress in her day, and in great favor with the Queen.

"You see how I am troubled," she said sighing; "so many suitors! So few eligible. Sir Guy, as you know, is at present out of the question. He could not offer me a left-handed marriage. Besides, the King, my guardian, makes a point of my marrying a man of my own times. Is it not a hard condition? Otherwise there is the brave baron yonder."

I looked, and upon one of the colored lancet windows which I remembered noticing on either side of the fireplace saw a glacier knight, clad like one of Cœur de Lion's warriors, tendering his homage apparently to the lady by my side. The glacier element about him attached him so firmly to his post, that he had some difficulty in detaching himself to follow up his other attachment, and meantime the Lady Joan opened her heart to me.

"The baron is rich and brave," she explained; an admirable match; but there are insuperable difficulties. He is Early English—our ages do not correspond. Indeed, there is no correspondence of any kind between us; more especially as the baron cannot write. It grieves me sorely. He is tall and well-favored, as you see; methinks a suitor to win any girl's heart. I would fain that the baron were only up to date!"

She cast down her lovely eyes and sighed. I echoed the sigh, for I saw no way of helping her: a trifling disparity of two or three centuries is not to be got over in a moment.

"But there is always Lord Reginald," she added brightening up. "He of the white plume yonder who is trying on his ancestor's armor. He says he cannot woo me as he is or he would be an anachronism. Lord Reginald, you know, distinguished himself at the Battle of the Boyne. But now he is fitting on the harness of a namesake who fought at Bosworth Field, and if he can only get himself a little antedate——!"

She watched with clasped hands and bated breath, and my eyes followed her towards a recess where a stalwart six-foot warrior was trying to squeeze himself into the equipment of an ancestor of five foot three. He managed the arm-pieces fairly well, and the helmet was not much of a misfit. But the corselet was quite impossible, gasp and struggle as he would.

While his lady-love looked on at his ineffectual attempts with actual tears standing in her lovely eyes, a sudden fanfare of trumpets startled us, and there entered a procession preceded by my friend Harding, who had turned up at last in the gorgeous costume of Richmond Herald!

Harding was followed by several officers of the Court and by some pages, gules and argent, walking backward two by two, who were strewing red and white roses before a royal personage whom my inner consciousness, and the slight knowledge of history remaining from my school days, at once told me must be Henry, the Seventh of that name. Two enormous roses, red and white, forming a gigantic buttonhole, were tucked into the front of his fur-trimmed robe, and the same Tudor emblem adorned his velvet cap. Then I remembered that the unnatural Rose Wars were ended at last, and that the rival badges, so near of kin, could blend together harmoniously once more.

I had never been so near majesty before, and was so overcome with shyness—I did not know Harding visited in such circles—that I almost lost consciousness.

When I recovered, his Tudor majesty seemed to be making some sort of proclamation in the measured tones of a dry and chippy voice.

"Whereas we have decreed it to be our royal pleasure that the Lady Joan Digby, maid of honor to our dear Consort, should wed a noble of her own century, and, since no acceptable suitor hath presented himself who can fulfil the conditions, we hereby ordain"—he continued in his dry royal way—"that she remain the property of our trusty and well-beloved subject Master Oliver Harding, whom we herewith appoint our Court painter at his own expense. And as for the Lady Joan's wealth and worldly gear, now much diminished in these days of commercial failure and agricultural depression, we decree that it be lodged for safe keeping in our own royal coffers."

* * * * * *

I turned to sympathize with the luckless maiden condemned for so slight a cause for ever "to braid St. Catherine's tresses," but lo! she had vanished from my side and retreated humbly to her panel, whence she smiled sadly out at me immovable as ever. The glacier baron was once adhering firmly to his cosy window niche. Sir Guy had vanished to pursue his fruitless search elsewhere. As I looked, the lively scene and brilliant coloring about me faded like a dissolving view, and instead there met my sight only the bare walls and meagre furniture of my smoking den at home. I was alone entirely alone. My pipe had gone out, and, worse—lay at my feet shattered into fragments, like—what had been only—a Midsummer-Eve's Dream!

A Spy in the Camp.—Darkness was just settling down, and the advance had halted for the night, when a squad of cavalry brought in a young man from our front. They said he was a spy. They said it carelessly enough, but there was an awful significance in the term at that hour. In camp he would have been searched, interrogated and imprisoned. It might have been weeks before his trial, and he would have been allowed every chance for his life.

We were on the march. There had been fighting; there would be more to-morrow; that meant a drum-head trial for the spy.

How speedily everything was arranged! I was at headquarters and saw and heard it all. Within half an hour a court martial was convened—grave-faced officers, who looked in the face of the young man at first with interest, then with something like admiration. I said a young man. I was wrong. He was a boy of 17 or 18. He had big blue eyes, chestnut curls, and his cheeks were as smooth as a girl's. He was a handsome lad, and I believe that every man in the tent felt pity for him.

"What's your name?"

"James Blank."

"What regiment?"

No reply.

"Are you a citizen or a soldier?"

No reply.

"Can you make any defence to the charge of being a spy?"

No reply.

The officers looked at each other and nodded, and the president waved his hand. It didn't seem a minute before a file of soldiers came. The face of the boy grew white, but he moved like one in a dream. His big blue eyes looked upon one after another, as if searching for a friend, and my heart yearned to cry out that he was only a boy and ought to be given more time.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

It was the detail marching him off in the darkness.

"Halt! Tie this handkerchief over his eyes!"

They had brought a lantern. By its light I saw his big, blue eyes for the last time as they looked around in a dazed way. I wanted to shout to the boy and warn him that it was not even yet too late to prove that he was not what they believed him to be, but the grimness of the scene parched my tongue.

"Place him there! Fall back! Attention! Ready—aim—fire!"

Ten minutes later the officer in charge of the firing party touched his cap and reported:

"Orders have been executed, sir."

"Ay further evidence?"

"No, sir, except that it was a young woman!"

Was Just Prospecting.—"Got any bridal chambers here?" asked a tall, awkward young man, with ancient carpet sack in one hand, a frightened look on his face, a black slouch hat on his head, and wearing a hand-me-down suit of faded brown. He was from some interior town of Missouri.

"Yes, sir; we have some very fine bridal chambers here," said Chief Clerk Cunningham.

"Waal, I want ter look at 'em, fer I've got to engage one uv 'em," said the stranger.

"All right: just step this way, please," said Mr. Cunningham, who called an assistant and gave the order: "Show this gentleman the bridal chambers."

The stranger investigated the bridal chambers for half an hour, and then returned to the counter downstairs and said to Mr. Cunningham: "Golly! these rooms are lovely! Now, they air the finest you have, air they?"

"Yes, sir; they are the finest in the city, and are good enough for a millionaire and his bride."

"Waal I'm much obliged for all the trouble you've gone to; I'll be in next week, I s'pose, and take one uv 'em," the stranger said, moving off.

"Oh, you did not wish to engage a bridal chamber to-day," said Mr. Cunningham.

The young stranger almost jumped out of his brogans.

"Goshalmightly, mister," he exclaimed. "I hain't ast the gal yit. I'm just adoin' this to git my nerve up so's I can go back home an' pop th' question to 'er. I reckon there's no doubt now that I'll fetch her.

Society.—In the ordinary commerce of one human being with another, which takes place in the every-day routine of that dull machine which is called society, especially in large cities, we pass on through life, knowing little or nothing of the human being with whom we are brought in temporary contact. A cynic said that language was made to conceal our ideas; and he might have added, with equal truth, that the expression of the human countenance was intended to convey false impressions. A great part of the truth is not spoken, because there is no necessity for speaking it; another great part is swallowed up by conventional falsehoods, and the rest, or very nearly the rest, is buried under lies that the liar thinks cannot be discovered. Thus, when we think of the great part of our ordinary acquaintance, and ask ourselves what are their views, purposes, opinions, thoughts, feelings, dispositions, characters, we may well say with the moralist, poet, and philosopher, "We know nothing." It is much to be feared, that if from society in general we were to take away all that is false in word, look, and action, we should have nothing but a pantomime in dumb show, performed by very stiff automatons.

A Broken Idol.—A couple from Accomac county, Va., had seats in the Senate gallery at Washington, and were enjoying their novel surroundings. Presently the man nudged the woman.

"Geemently, Jemimy," he exclaimed, "look at them doors!"

"What uv them?" she asked.

"Why, they ain't much bigger'n ary other doors."

"Course they ain't; why should they be?"

He was silent for a minute.

"Well, well," he said at last, in a tone of disappointment, "who'd a thunk it? I've heerd so much about what big men United States Senators wuz, thet I'd a swore that a whole panel had to be tuck outen the wall for 'em to git in at," and until they left the sacred precincts there was naught in his face but the shadow of a fallen idol.

Bric-a-Brac.

The Tall Hat.—The tall hat, variously called "chimney-pot," "stove-pipe," "cylinder," and what not, became fashionable in Paris in 1790, soon after the death of Franklin, in whose honor it was known as "Chapeau Franklin."

Chinese Dentists.—The Chinese native is said to possess a wonderful powder, which is rubbed on the gum over the affected teeth; after an interval of about five minutes the patient is told to sneeze, whereupon the tooth falls out.

Drowning.—Scotch fisher-folk have an old and rooted belief that any one rescued from drowning will bring harm to the rescuer. Equally unaccountable is their hatred of the sole survivor of any wreck, who at once becomes an object of popular aversion.

Birds.—Birds which fly highest and fastest have the most air cells. The air from the lungs, which is much warmer, and therefore lighter than the outside air, passes into and out of these cells at the will of the bird, some being able to fill even the quills of their feathers.

Odd Cure.—Whooping-cough is to be cured, according to Cheshire wiseacres, by eating a plain currant cake made by a woman whose maiden name was the same as that of the man she married, and who must on no account take any payment for the medicine. Another remedy, a Cornish one, consists in eating a slice of bread and butter or cake received from a married couple bearing the names of John and Joan.

Java Prophets.—They encourage prophets in Java; one prophet out there seems to be an uncommonly good man of business. He has got a dangerous prophecy within which the natives are anxious that he should keep there; he is in a position to foretell the coming of a great tidal wave which will sweep right over the island, and, for the last 15 years, they have, it is reported, been paying him a salary of £80 per annum not to say anything about it. They dare not stop his salary for fear he should prophesy.

In Spain.—A curious custom obtains in some portions of Spain in regard to betrothals. A young man who looks with favor upon a handsome young senorita and wishes to gain her hand, calls on the parents for three successive days at the same hour of the day. At the last call he leaves his walking-stick, and if he is to win the desired bride the cane is handed to him when he calls again. But if he is not regarded with favor, the cane is thrown into the street, and in his way the young man is made to understand that further calls will be useless.

Bromming.—"Bromming" is the term applied in California to the unearthly sound that the ostrich imagines to be song. The bird inflates his long neck till it looks like a big bag; he then lets the air out again in three instalments. He blows thrice thus in succession, making nine roars in all. The performance is then over for the time being. "Bromming" is occasionally heard by day, but more usually breaks the silence by night, and is probably meant as a challenge. Two of the herd are always on guard while their companions sleep. They take turns in this duty.

Marriage.—The peasants in Brittany would seem to be very frank and honest, for on certain fete days the young ladies appear in red petticoats with white and yellow borders round them. The number of borders denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band represents silver and denotes one hundred francs per annum, while each yellow band denotes gold and betokens a thousand francs a year. Thus, a young man who sees a face that pleases him has but to glance at the trimmings of the petticoats, and without any bashful or suspicious inquiry he can learn what amount of money accompanies the sweet wearer.

IN SILKEN CHAINS.

[CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.]

ably dressed, but in some way or other he looked different to the other gentlemen in the room. His clothes fitted too well, the diamond skirt-stud was too large, the collar too. As some wit has observed, he might have gone to a fancy ball disguised as a gentleman, and no one would have known him.

"They say London is paved with gold," she said. "I hope you have found it so."

"Pretty fair," he replied, with assumed self-satisfaction, and turning a heavy ring on his finger. "Yes, I fancy I've got on as well, perhaps better, than most people. My name's not unknown in the city, Miss Madge."

"I'm very glad to hear that you have been so successful," said Madge, seeing as she looked at him, not the tall young man in too well-cut evening dress, but the gawky, sallow-faced lad whom Lord Norman had thrashed in the village garden. Back it all came to her as she sat there, and so intensely that she almost lost the sense of her present surroundings. A sigh escaped her. Here was Silas Fletcher, sleek and prosperous. Where was Lord Norman?

"You have to be pretty cute up there," he said, happily unconscious of her reflections. "A man has to be awfully smart to hold his own."

"And you are both cute and sharp?" she could not help saying.

He winced and colored, and looked down at her suspiciously.

"You're just as quick at quizzing a fellow as you used to be, I see, Miss Madge," he said, half sullenly. "I never could hold my own with you in the old days, you know. But I don't bear any malice. You could say anything you like to me without offending me. There! after that pretty speech, you can't refuse me a dance."

"I don't wish to dance," she said.

He glanced at her sideways.

"You've been dancing," he said, drily. "I saw you dancing with some of these swells a little while ago. I suppose you are too proud to dance with a mere commoner?"

Madge smiled. Her contempt for him was too intense to admit of anger.

"I will dance with you, if you wish it so much," she said quietly.

His sallow face flushed and his small eyes glittered eagerly.

"Why, it's what I came down here for!" he said unguardedly. Then as she looked at him with surprise and displeasure, he went on quickly, "Of course, I came to see my father and the old place, and—and all that; but I hoped that you would be here, and that I might get a dance with you. There's no harm in that, is there?"

Madge made no response, and they joined in the waltz.

Silas Fletcher danced well—better, for instance, than Lord Ferndale—but nevertheless, Madge did not enjoy her waltz. That scene in the cottage garden kept rising before her.

"We've got each other's step to perfection, haven't we?" he whispered proudly. The tone of vulgar familiarity gave Madge a shock, and she stopped at once.

"Oh, don't stop. Let us go on, do!" he said. "There isn't another couple in the room waltzing better than we are. See, they're looking, most of them."

Madge drew away from him.

"I am tired," she said. "But please do not lose the waltz. You can find another partner."

"No," he said quietly enough, but with a tightening of his thin lips. "If I can't dance with you, I won't dance with anyone."

But she would not yield, and went straight back to her grandfather. All her pleasure and delight had been spoiled—first by the proud insolence of Lady Sybil, and now by the presence and unwelcome attentions of Silas Fletcher.

"Surely we can go home now, grandfather?" she said in a low voice.

He rose.

"Yes, I think so, if you like; but are you not enjoying yourself, Madge? I thought you were so eager to come, and looked forward to it so much."

She stifled a sigh.

"Yes, I did, dear," she said. "But—I think I am tired."

"Very well," he said, as she took his arm.

Silas Fletcher, who had been standing at a little distance watching them covertly, came forward.

"Not going home, surely?" he said.

"Yes, Mr. Fletcher," said Mr. Gordon courteously. "My granddaughter is tired."

"Oh, well," he said, "I'm rather sick of it too. Perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me a lift? The governor will go home in the earl's carriage, and I haven't got a fly."

"Certainly; there will be plenty of room for you," said Mr. Gordon.

As they made their way to the door the crowd parted, and the earl came down the room. He was leaning on Fletcher's arm and looking straight before him with an expression of cold weariness, as if he saw nothing, but the cunning eyes of the steward glanced from left to right watchfully.

It so happened that the two almost met Mr. Gordon, Madge, and young Silas, and old Fletcher nodded and said—

"Well, Silas, you've got down, then?"

The earl turned his hard, fierce eyes upon the three

"Who are they?" he asked.

"Mr. Gordon," began old Fletcher.

"I know that," interrupted the earl with a sort of snarl. "The others."

"His granddaughter and my son Silas, my lord."

The earl nodded at Silas, who bowed with a sickly, servile smile, and then glanced at Madge, but passed on without a word.

Madge leant back in the corner of the fly and closed her eyes. The music was still ringing in her ears, the brilliant crowd moving in a wild dance before her mental vision, and she did not see Silas Fletcher regarding her with a strange and eager gaze as he talked to Mr. Gordon.

When the fly pulled up at the cottage he leapt out and offered her his had, and retained possession of hers as he said in a low insinuating voice—

"Mr. Gordon has kindly asked me to come and see him to-morrow; I want to have a look at the dear old cottage garden, you know."

"He will be very pleased," said Madge.

"And you? Won't you be pleased to see an old friend—playmate—Miss Madge?" he murmured.

Madge was sorely tempted to retort, "You were never an old friend or playmate of mine, Silas Fletcher," but she looked up, and merely nodded.

Silas Fletcher stood with the gate in his hand for some minutes after they had entered the house, and the door had closed behind them, his thin lips compressed tightly, an ugly look in his sallow face.

"Treats me like—like a dog," he muttered. "Who's she to give herself airs to me; me, Silas Fletcher, who am growing rich and—and somebody of consequence in the world? I feel as if I ought to hate her; but I can't—I can't! She's grown as beautiful as an angel; and—and I love her. Yes, and I'll marry her!" he exclaimed under his breath; and he struck the struck the gate with his big white hand. "I'll marry her in spite of her airs and graces. I've never yet been baulked of anything I've set my heart upon, and I've set my heart upon you, Miss Madge."

He looked up at the window—the window to which Norman had climbed five years ago.

"There she is!" he muttered. "I used to stand behind the laurels when I was a boy and watch her shadow. I loved her then, and she hated me. She told me so, and she looked to-night as if she would tell me so again. But I'll win her for all that! Yes, my proud beauty, I'll teach you that Silas Fletcher is not the man to be treated like a dog; that he can hold fast—and bite too!"

In his passionate resentment, and still more passionate desire, the mean face grew almost strong, the lean angular figure seemed to acquire something like dignity, and as he wiped the beads of sweat from his forehead, he waved his hand towards the window, upon which Madge's shadow moved, with a gesture half-imploring, half-threatening.

CHAPTER VIII.

THAT same night, but many thousand miles away, a young man rode over an Australian plain. The stars, glittering like diamonds in the marvellously clear air, shone down upon what seemed an interminable prairie land—a wide-stretching pasturage, unbroken by tree or shrub, and wrapped in a silence so intense that the dull beat of the horse's hoofs were startling in their regularity and monotony.

The rider had been in the saddle for hours—since daybreak, in fact, with but short intervals—and both he and the horse were tired; but they still went on with the measured gallop which seems the most fitting pace on the soft, springy Australian turf.

Glancing up at the stars now and again as if he were steering his way by them, he rode straight and unhesitating, every now and then speaking a word to his horse—the word which that friend of man covets and loves so intensely. At last, a slight ragged line appeared on the horizon, and at sight of it the horse increased its pace. The young man seemed to settle down hopefully in the saddle, and in a cheery tone he said—

"Home, sweet home, Prince; but take it easy, old man!"

The ragged line soon developed into a fringe of trees, and threading his way without the least hesitation, the horse reached a low log hut placed in the centre of a small clearing.

The young man dismounted, and, dropping the reins, struck a light, and lit a lantern which hung ouside the hut. Then he took off the saddle and bridle, and carefully, lovingly, groomed the horse, brought it a pail of water and a feed of oats, and with a "There you are, old chap! Good-night!" entered the hut, leaving the animal, in the assurance that he would come to his master's call in the morning.

The embers of a great log fire were burning on the hearth, and the young man stirred these into a blaze, and proceeded to prepare his supper. Now, the supper of an Australian runner at solitary stations of the great cattle runs consists usually of tea, biscuits, and meat, so also does the

breakfast, so likewise the dinner—when he is fortunate enough to get one. Plain meals enough, but a veritable feast to the man whose appetite is always keenly edged by hard work in the open air, a temperate life, and the soundest of sound sleep.

The loneliness of the hut and its surroundings it would be impossible to describe. The nearest human habitation was the next station, scores and scores of miles distant. An outrunner, such as this young man was, might spend weeks, perhaps months, without seeing a fellow creature, without hearing a human voice, with no one to speak a word to but his horse and his dogs. A hard life, one calculated to turn a man's hair gray it would be thought; but this young man's hair was by no means gray, and his handsome face was cheerful and good to look upon, and his voice as he spoke to his dogs—who sat as close as they could to him, and watched him with affectionate gratitude as he shared his supper with them—was bright and resolute enough.

Having finished the meal, he filled his pipe from a pouch of raw hide—filled it carefully, for there was not tobacconist in the next street—and stretching himself at full length, smoked with the peaceful contentment of the man who has earned Nature's great boon.

The three dogs coiled themselves near him, and the silence seemed to grow more intense and profound from the cessation of his conversation with them. Presently he finished his pipe, and took a thick blanket from the rough corner cupboard, wrapped it round him, and rolling up his coat for a pillow, made himself ready for the reception of tired Nature's sweet restorer—sleep. But before he lay down he took a small package from the breast pocket of his thick cord waistcoat, and looked at it and turned it over, as a devotee regards his most sacred relic. Then he replaced it in the pocket just over his heart, and extending his long muscular limbs, went to sleep with business-like promptitude.

The dog followed suit; but presently, about half-an-hour later, one of them—the sharpest of the three—opened an eye, startled uneasily, and uttered a faint growl.

The young man was awake in an instant—for he too slept, so to speak, with an eye and an ear open.

"What's the matter, old girl?" he asked.

The dog looked up and wagged her tail slowly; then she rose and stood stiff as a ramrod, staring at the door and growling.

Her master got up and listened, and after a moment or two heard the thud, thud, which the solitary cattle runner quickly learns to distinguish.

"Someone coming, eh, Betsy?" he said, and, as if in response, the other dogs growled angrily.

"Quiet!" he said, and as they crouched down with the growl reduced to a whimper, he rose, and revolver in hand, went to the door and opened it.

The night was so clear, the stars so bright, that he could see a tremendous distance across the plain, and presently he saw a horseman riding towards the wood.

He lit a pipe and sat down beside the door, and watched the new comer with calm patience. It was evident that the horseman had seen the wood, for he rode straight to it, and in a few minutes was threading the trees.

At sight of the hut—and he came upon it suddenly, round a bend—he pulled up short, and his hand went to his belt. The dogs rushed out, barking furiously, Prince neighed a welcome to his fellow creature, and the young man rose and approached the traveler.

"Good evening," he said courteously.

The man's hand left his belt, and he nodded.

"Good evening. Thank heaven!" and he drew a long breath and laughed a peculiar laugh. "My horse must have smelt oats, poor devil, for he brought me straight here. And it's as well he did, for we were both nearly played out."

He dismounted as he spoke, and hitching the bridle to a bush, stretched himself like a man stiff and weary.

"Come in," said the young man—he had replaced his revolver in his belt. "Sit down"—he drew an empty cask to the fire—"I'll soon get you some supper."

"Thanks," said the stranger, and he flung himself full length beside the fire. "I shall be particularly grateful, for I haven't seen food for twenty-four hours."

"That's bad," said the young man. "Here, start on this, while I see to your horse," and he handed him a tin of biscuits.

"Oh, the horse is all right," said the other carelessly.

The young fellow said nothing to this, but having put the kettle on the fire, went out and rubbed down the horse and fed him.

When he re-entered his guest was lying, with the pistol in his grasp, dead asleep.

The young man lit the lantern, and set a pannikin of tinned meat beside the kettle. In doing so he displaced a log, and the noise of the falling woke the sleeper. He sprang to his feet, and holding his revolver, stood as if on the defensive.

Now, the young man had hung the lantern on a beam, and the light fell full upon their faces; and as they stood and looked at each other, upon their countenances began to dawn an expression of astonishment which grew into startled amazement.

For each detected an extraordinary resemblance between them. The shape of the face, the features, the form and bearing, were as alike as if they had been twins. It would have been difficult to identify them apart.

The young man of the hut was the first to recover from his amazement.

"You can put your revolver away," he said quietly. "I am not a bushranger anxious for your purse."

"Nor I, mate," said the other with a laugh; and both, now that they had seen the resemblance between face and figure, noticed the resemblance in their voices. "I beg your pardon; I've been traveling with my life in my hands; and starting out of sleep—— There!" He broke off, and flung the revolver into a corner and held out his hand. The other young man took it.

"Supper's ready," he said quietly. "Take my advice and have it first and sleep after."

"Thanks, I can't express my gratitude. Will you tell me your name?"

"My name is Harry Richmond," was the reply.

The other nodded.

"And mine's Harold Thane," he said lifting the tin tea-can. "Here's your health, mate!"

Harry Richmond nodded in response. He would have responded in words, but the lantern and fire light were shining on his guest's face, and its resemblance to his own again struck him dumb.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A YEAR'S subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would be an appropriate and very useful present to a friend.

WEAK LUNGS AND SENSITIVE THROATS are severely tried by the sudden changes of temperature occuring during our winters, and in consequence Asthmatic Affections, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pleurisy, Bronchitis, and similar complaints, are sure to be more or less prevalent. Coughs and Colds, the forerunners of these often fatal complaints, and frequently the cause of them, should be prudently taken in hand on the first symptoms, by resorting at once to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old and well-tried remedy, certain to remove your Cold, and to exert a healing and strengthening effort on the Pulmonary and Bronchial organs.

Scientific and Useful.

HOT WATER.—Hot water pipes have been put into the Pope's apartments in the Vatican, as his doctors insist on his being kept in an even temperature.

PILL TAKING.—A new "pill taker" is a recent invention—not a human being, but a sort of spout affixed to a glass or cup, by which the pill is safely started on its journey down the gullet, without that involuntary rising of the gorge which some people experience.

SUBMARINE BOATS.—A submarine torpedo boat capable of sinking to any depth and traveling under water as quickly as on the surface without revealing its presence, has been invented by an Australian. The inventor claims that a full-sized boat could remain under water for three days.

RUBBER.—A new use for rubber is suggested by a manufacturer who saw some years ago the usual green cloth of the billiard table coated on the bottom side with india rubber. This was done to prevent the chalk from working through the cloth and forming slight deposits, resulting in unevenness of the table top.

THE TELEPHONE.—A little attachment has been devised for placing on the receiver of a telephone apparatus to relieve the pressure upon the ear. It consists of an air cushion, made of hollow, soft rubber, and is fitted over the end of the receiver. A great advantage of this attachment is said to be that it excludes all external sound. It is the idea of a Canadian inventor.

THE BAROMETER.—An old sea captain has improvised a unique barometer which he believes to be most accurate. It consists of a thin strip of white pine with a number of cross pieces upon it. This is hung on the side of the building, and when damp weather is approaching, the barometer bulges out in the centre, while in dry weather the centre sinks in and the end comes out. The captain claims it to be correct, and would not exchange it for the most valuable patent weather indicator.

Farm and Garden.

STABLES.—Stables should be well lighted with the windows behind the horse or at his side, so that only a subdued light may strike his eyes.

BEES.—Candy to feed bees on in winter is made, says a writer, by gradually stirring six pounds of loaf sugar into about three quarters of a pint of boiling water, and the whole kept boiling and constantly stirred to prevent burning.

TREES.—Trees should be made to send their roots deep into the soil, in order to fortify themselves against droughs. This is done by draining the soil and plowing the orchard rather deep. This deep plowing should be continued every spring until the habit of the tree is established.

FOWLS.—Fowls need exercise, and if they have a dry location they should have a lot of leaves or cut straw in which to scratch. Over-feeding is a drawback to egg production, and so is roosting on tree limbs, which allow exposure to cold rain storms, which brings on roup, a disease that sweeps the whole flock away.

DOGS.—Every dog kept on a farm should be useful for some purpose. There are too many worthless night prowlers and curs. A collie can be made to bring up the cows and make himself serviceable. Any dog known to kill sheep should be destroyed at once. Outside of the expense of keeping worthless dogs is the injury and annoyance they occasion to neighbors.

FODDER.—Fodder can be as truely wasted when put in the stomach as when trodden under foot. Unhoused cattle have a continuous battle for comfort, and all their stuffing of food shows no result, for the reason that it is used wholly in keeping life. Moreover they are stunted by their stay at this unthrifty stage, and will never show as good results afterwards.

ONE AT A TIME.

I dreamed that Love came knocking
  At your door one Winter night,
While the spectre trees were rocking
  In a blast of savage blight,
"Oh, I perish!" poor Love pleaded;
"Open the door for Love's dear sake,"
But although you heard and heeded,
  Still no answer would you make.
Then I dreamed that Love o'erruled you;
  For in tenderest voice he cried,
Nay dear lady, I sadly fooled you,
  Since I am not Love, but Pride,"
And straightway open your portals
  With a merry, welcome nod,
To that wiliest of immortals,
  To that masquerading god.
Ah, you ope'd your portals lightly,
  Not for Love's, but for Pride's dear sake,
Yet, oh! lady, if I dreamed rightly,
  Love soon taught you your mistake.

A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

A WEEK later Lyra stood at the cottage gate, an open letter was in her hand, but her eyes were fixed on the square tower of Yarnstaple church, and she was thinking of the dead father who lay at rest in his quiet grave. Even if she could have recalled him to life she would not have done so, for she had come to know that her loss was his gain. He, at any rate, had been spared the knowledge that his child was married to a villain; for in that one moment when Chandos had shrunk from her searching gaze she had read his miserable soul as plainly as if it had been an open book.

She had her outdoor things on, and a small portmanteau was at her feet. Black makes even stout people look somewhat thin, and in her plain black frock of merino and simple bonnet Lyra looked almost ethereal.

A man, a stranger—in fact, a man in possession—lounged at the cottage door smoking a short clay, and presently Griffith, with a growl, pushed past him and came limping down the path.

Lyra turned to him with a sad smile.

"It is nearly time, Griffith," she said.

"Yes," he said, his gnarled face working with suppressed emotion; "it's nearly time if you've made up your mind and nothing I can say will alter it."

Lyra shook her head and laid her hand on his bent shoulder.

"No, Griffith," she said, in a low but quite steady voice; "nothing. My mind is made up, and nothing can alter it. I'm afraid you think me very ungrateful, Griffith," and she sighed.

"No," he said, with a catch in his voice, "not ungrateful, but stubborn—stubborn, Miss Lyra. Why should you go out into the world while I'm left to work for you? I've enough money saved to buy new furniture; I can earn enough to keep us two——"

Lyra shook her head with a gentleness which was more convincing than any fervent refusal.

He looked up at her with mournful scrutiny.

"Sometimes, since I heard of this whim of yours—for it is a whim, Miss Lyra—I've thought that there was some other reason for your going. I've wondered if that fellow, Mr. Barle, had anything to do with it. I've asked myself if you was afeard of him——"

Lyra turned her head away and shuddered slightly.

"I am not afraid of Mr. Barle, Griffith."

He gnawed at his thumbnail, eyeing her sadly, anxiously.

"There's something between you and him that I can't make out, Miss Lyra," he said. "What had happened that you and he should be quarreling that day the master died?" His voice dropped. "You've never told me, and I'm not quick enough to guess. Won't you tell me—Griffith—Miss Lyra, dear?"

She looked straight before her for a moment; then she turned her sad eyes upon him.

"No, Griffith, I cannot tell you. You promised not to ask me—you remember. I cannot tell you or anyone. He—he has gone; he will not come back."

Griffith uttered a savage snarl.

"If he only would!" he said between his teeth. "Miss Lyra, I mistrusted him from the first. He was like one of those brown adders you see in the sand-hills. I wish he'd broken his neck that day he fell from the cliff."

Lyra sighed.

"Don't let us talked of him for the few minutes we have to spare together. You mean to stay here, Griffith?"

"Yes," he said doggedly; "I shall stay here, Miss Lyra. The rent isn't more than a laborer's cottage, and I can earn it. I've grown fond of the place, but that isn't all. I feel that some day you may—well, you may want to come back." He looked at her eagerly, and Lyra, feeling the glance, suppressed a shudder. "And if you do, why here I shall be, and here will be a shelter for you. Yes, Miss Lyra, dear, I shall stay here. I've had work promised, and I can buy a bit of furniture. But all that's nothing. What becomes of me doesn't matter; it's you—you, my dear mistress." His voice broke, and he turned away.

Lyra forced a smile.

"Why, Griffith," she said cheerfully, "I shall be all right. I am a very fortunate young person. You told me, when I answered the advertisement, that there were hundreds—thousands—wanting the situation, and that I should have no chance; but you see I have got it!"

Griffith grunted discontentedly.

"Situation! The word galls me. You, a Chester, going out into a situation!"

Lyra laughed. It was only a shadow and resemblance of her old laugh.

"Why not?" she said. "No one who is poor ought to be too proud to earn their own living; and somehow, Griffith, I think I shall be happy and contented; this lady writes so frankly and kindly." She glanced at the open letter in her hand. "And there is so very little for me to do; and that is fortunate, for there is so little I could do." She sighed. "All the other people who advertised wanted me to know French and German and mathematics, and I don't know what else. But Mrs. Leslie says that I shall only be required to read aloud and answer letters. Oh, I am very lucky, if you would only believe it, Griffith!"

"Lucky!" he snarled. "You, who are a lady, having to read aloud and answer letters!"

She let her hand fall on his shoulder again, and said soothingly, "I might have had to do worse and harder work, Griffith. I might have had to teach a lot of children things I didn't know myself!" She laughed. "That would have been very bad. But I am used to reading aloud. You remember how I used to read to—to—" her voice broke—"my father; and I can carry on a correspondence."

He shook his head and growled.

"If you'd only say the word you could stop on here at the cottage——"

"And be a burden to you," finished Lyra. "No, no, Griffith, I could not do that. But I am glad you are going to stay——"

"And you promise, if anything happens—if you don't like this place," he stumbled over the word as if it were a nauseous draught, "that you'll come back, any time, without notice. I shall be here, glad and welcome you."

"Yes, yes," she said. "But isn't it time we started, Griffith? Wait a moment for me."

She went into the house, and passed through the untidy rooms, in which the furniture was already marked with the odious labels, "Lot" so-and-so, and up to her father's room.

She knelt beside the bed for a few moments, then went out again, the man in possession staring at her in a wooden, unsympathetic fashion.

Griffith stood at the gate with the portmanteau on his shoulder, and almost in silence they walked along the river-side to the station.

There a surprise awaited Lyra, for on the platform was Mary, who had been dismissed with a month's wages in lieu of notice.

The tears were in her eyes as Lyra approached, and the honest, tender-hearted girl threw her arms round Lyra's neck and gulped out her farewell.

"If I could only go with you, Miss Lyra, dear!" she sobbed. "You was always so kind and good to me!"

Griffith would have shouldered her away jealously, but Lyra retained the girl's hand until the train was on the point of starting.

However, Griffith had the last word.

"Remember, Miss Lyra," he said, "there's a home for you at the mill-cottage whenever you want it, and—and you'll write to me?"

Lyra's eyes were blinded with tears—the first she had shed since her father's death—as the train puffed out of Yarnstaple station, and she cried quietly and silently in her corner for the greater part of the journey.

The West of England express is a good train, and at a little after five it steamed into Waterloo.

Lyra got out, and was making her way through the crowd when a footman in rich but subdued livery approached her and touched his hat.

"Miss Chester?" he said.

"Yes," said Lyra. "I am Miss Chester."

"This carriage is waiting if you will follow me, miss, please. I will see to your luggage."

"There is no luggage but this," said Lyra, at which he tried not to look surprised.

She followed him to a landau, drawn by a pair of magnificent horses, and the footman opened the door for her, and shut her in with grave respect.

The carriage made its way over Waterloo Bridge, and through the crowded Strand to the West-end, and stopped at a big house in Garden-square. Lyra, like most persons, had read a great deal about London, but never in her dreams had she been able to imagine anything like the reality. The endless rows of houses, the handsome, richly-dressed shops, the interminable line of vehicles, the throngs of human beings of all ranks in life crowd-

ing the pavements, amazed and bewildered her.

Suddenly to find herself in a quiet square, and in the large and richly-appointed hall of this huge palace, was like an unsuspected shock—the falling over a cataract into the still depths beneath.

The footman ushered her upstairs into what she thought at first must be the drawing-room, so richly was it decorated and furnished, but which, as she learnt afterwards, was only a boudoir.

She sank, with a feeling of strangeness and solitude, into one of the softly-padded seats, and waited an interminable time, as it seemed to her. Then the door opened, and a lady entered the room.

She was a middle-aged lady, with a very pleasant countenance, which wore an apologetic smile as she came forward with extended hand.

"Oh, Miss Chester!" she said, "I am so sorry to have kept you waiting."

After much consideration and painful self-questioning Lyra had decided to retain her maiden name.

Lyra rose, and murmured something inaudibly, and the lady scanned her face with gentle and kindly interest.

"Of course you know who I am?" she said. "I am the Mrs. Leslie with whom you have been corresponding."

"Yes," said Lyra.

At the sound of her voice a faint look of satisfaction shone in Mrs. Leslie's eyes, and she drew a little breath of relief.

"I am afraid you have had a long and wearisome journey," she said. "Will you go to your room and take off your things? it is only on the next floor. Come, I'll show it to you; and then we will have some tea."

She led Lyra to what was really one of the small rooms in the large house, but one that looked to the tiny cottage, a spacious apartment most richly furnished.

"Ring the bell for anything you want; my maid will wait upon you. You are sure you can find your way down?"

Lyra took off her hat and jacket and enjoyed a good wash, then went down to the boudoir. The rose tinted blinds were drawn to exclude the fierce rays of the evening sun, and a dainty tea-service was on one of the marqueterie tables, with Mrs. Leslie reclining in an easy-chair before it.

"How quick you have been!" she said, giving Lyra one of those swift glances of approval of which only women are capable.

"Have I been so quick?" said Lyra ingenuously. "I thought I had been a long while."

Mrs. Leslie laughed.

"Why, my dear Miss Chester, most girls take at least half an hour to get their hats and cloaks off, and you have not been ten minutes. It is easy to see that you have lived in the country."

"Yes," said Lyra, "I have lived in the country all my life. I have never seen London until to-day."

Mrs. Leslie smiled, surprised.

"Really? But you must not think you have seen it even now," she said, "for you have not seen the best of it; nearly the worst, indeed. Do you think you shall like it? But don't be alarmed; I may as well tell you, before you answer the question, that we do not live in London for very long, and that we are just on the point of leaving it. We go to Castle Towers the day after to-morrow."

"To Castle Towers?" said Lyra vaguely.

Mrs. Leslie nodded, then paused in the act of filling Lyra's cup.

"How stupid of me!" she said. "I haven't explained the real facts of the case. I suppose you think that I am—well, your employer?"

Lyra colored faintly.

"I—yes—I thought so," she said. "You are Miss Leslie?"

"Oh, yes," said the lady. "But I am only a servant like yourself—if you don't mind the word; I don't."

"Nor I," said Lyra, but rather wonderingly.

Mrs. Leslie laughed approvingly.

"It is an honorable term enough," she said. "We are all servants of someone. Why, even the Prince of Wales is not too proud to wear as his motto the 'Ich Dien—I serve.'"

Lyra smiled.

"I am not proud," she said.

Mrs. Leslie glanced at the pale, beautiful face rather doubtfully.

"I am glad of that. But I think you are. You have proud eyebrows. We are all proud, really; only we all deny it most eagerly. But you are wondering who your—shall I say?—employer is. She is a lady of much greater importance than I am. Have you ever heard of Lady Hainault?"

"No," she said; "but that goes for nothing. I have heard of no one. All my life I have lived in a country place far away from everywhere, and I know, have heard of, no one."

Mrs. Leslie looked at her thoughtfully.

"I was going to say 'poor child,' but I will alter it to 'fortunate,'" she said, with a smile and a sigh. "I envy your quiet life; I am sure it must have been a happy ——" She paused as Lyra winced. "Oh, I beg your pardon, my dear," said the gentle hearted woman. "I did not know—I forgot——" and she glanced at the black dress.

Lyra fought with her tears, and mastered them.

"I have been very happy till lately," she said simply. "Until I—I lost my father—"

"Poor girl!" murmured Mrs. Leslie. "I understand. Forgive me. I know what that means; I am not too old to remember my own loss. I, too, was left alone in the world." She paused. "But I have suffered more even than you, my dear, for I lost a dearly-loved husband."

Lyra's face went white for a moment. Fortunately, Mrs. Leslie's eyes were cast down, and she did not notice the spasm of terror that passed across the beautiful face.

"But about our 'mistress,'" and she laughed. "The lady to whom you have engaged yourself is Lady Hainault, the late Lord Hainault's daughter and heiress. I am an old friend of hers, as well as her servant, and until now have acted as her companion and amanuensis—that is, reading and writing machine. How fond we all are of long words, especially when we think they conceal something derogatory to our dignity; but my eyes have grown rather weak of late—or I fancy they have, which is quite the same thing—and Lady Hainault, instead of getting rid of me, and exchanging me for a more serviceable person, chooses to consider me indispensable, and engages someone to help me. There it is in a nut-shell. Your duties will consist in reading aloud whenever you are required—and you will be required to do so very often, and to read most abominably dry stuff, too, my poor child—and you will have to write Lady Hainault's business letters."

"Business letttera!" said Lyra with faint surprise. Going by her knowledge of titled ladies—knowledge derived from three volume novels—she thought that they did no business whatever.

Mrs. Leslie laughed.

"Oh, yes. Lady Hainault does an immense amount of business," she said. "I don't mean that she keeps a bonnet shop and millinery establishment like some of the ladies of the nobility."

"Do they do that? Keep a shop?" said Lyra with surprise.

"Oh, dear, yes," replied Mrs. Leslie coolly. "A number of them, and very good businesses they have." She mentioned several titled dames. "Poor things, they have lost their fortunes, what with bad speculations, defaulting trustees, and the drop in the value of land, and they are obliged to do something. Dig they cannot, to beg they are ashamed, and so they took to bonnet building. But Lady Hainault hasn't come to that yet. All her business is of a philanthropic kind. She is a great social reformer; wants to make the working man give up drinking beer and beating his wife, and tries to persuade the wife to keep her home clean, learn cooking, and wash the children."

"And does she succeed?" asked Lyra, greatly interested.

Mrs. Leslie shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, partly. At Castle Towers the people are supernaturally good. But then they all pay less than their proper rent, and are molly-coddled like children in arms. Here in London—" Mrs. Leslie laughed—"Well, that's a different matter."

"And is Lord Hainault as philanthropic?" asked Lyra after a pause.

"Lord Hainault is dead."

"She is a widow then?" said Lyra.

Mrs. Leslie stared at her, then laughed rather ruefully.

"Oh, I see; you meant her husband. I'm sorry to say Lady Hainault isn't married. I wish she were. She would find plenty to do in reforming her husband; and it wouldn't be so disappointing perhaps," she added naively. "But you must not jump to the conclusion from what I have said that Lady Hainault is—well, a foolish and credulous person. She is really very bright and clever, and very loveable. The only fault with her is, as I have told—" she stopped—"told a friend of hers, that she is too good."

Lyra smiled.

"I did not think anyone could be too good," she said.

"No? Wait until you know Lady Hainault, my dear. You will see her to-morrow, that is if you are not too tired to travel."

"To-morrow—not to-night? Oh, I shall not be too tired. I am very strong."

Mrs. Leslie looked at her.

"You do not look too strong, my dear," she said gently. "But we will try and plant some roses in those lily cheeks of yours when we get into the country. Yes, we will go to-morrow. Did you think Lady Hainault was here? How stupid of me not to tell you she is at Castle Towers! She only comes up occasionally, though this, the town house, is kept going till quite the end of the season."

Lyra looked round.

"Lady Hainault must be very rich," she said more to herself than to Mrs. Leslie."

"She is," assented that lady. "More's the pity. And now, my dear, you shall go and lie down till dinner time. We will dine here instead of in the great room downstairs, and to-morrow we will go to Castle Towers—that is, if you are well enough."

That night Lyra lay awake till the great London clocks boomed the small hours, wondering if she were herself, and if the great house and the new life she had en-

tered upon were not a dream instead of reality.

After breakfast—a luxurious breakfast served in the boudoir—the carriage came round and the two ladies started.

The footman engaged a first-class compartment for them, purchased a bundle of magazines, pulled down the blinds and carefully arranged the small bags and wraps; and touched his hat in response to Mrs. Leslie's "Thank you, James." The guard came up and also touched his cap, and, in respectful, deferential tones, asked if they were comfortable and had all they wanted. It was difficult to Lyra to realize that only yesterday she had come up to the same station in a third-class carriage, seated between a farmer who ate sandwiches noisily and a girl who sucked oranges.

Mrs. Leslie in a hundred little ways showed the kindness of her disposition, and insisted upon Lyra's lying down for a greater part of the journey.

"You looked tired, my dear," she said, "and no wonder. Now just do as I tell you. And you must try and drink a little of this wine. You don't like it? I know; most girls don't; but you must try all the same. Take it as medicine. Why, if you arrive at Castle Towers looking fagged and worn out, Lady Hainault would never forgive me. You have no idea how kind she is."

"She cannot be kinder than you," said Lyra with moist eyes.

And as she lay back and closed them she was conscious of a guilty pang of self-reproach. What would this warm-hearted woman say or think if she knew the truth—knew that the girl whom she was treating as a child was deceiving her; was not Miss Chester, but a married woman?

When they reached their destination a carriage and pair as handsome as those which had awaited her at Waterloo stood at the station; a footman was in attendance and treated them with the profound respect which his fellow in London had accorded them; and they drove through the country lanes to Castle Towers.

Lyra had never seen a nobleman's mansion before, and she gazed with frank amazement and admiration at the great house with its wide stretching terrace and flower-spangled lawns.

"How beautiful it is!" she said almost unconsciously.

Mrs. Leslie smiled.

"Isn't it? I'm glad to hear you say that, for I am almost as fond and proud of it as if it were my own; whereas Lady Hainault doesn't value it a pin's point—in fact she thinks, I believe, that it's almost wicked to own it while there are so many poor people living in hovels. This is the avenue, planted by Richard Earl of Hainault in 1443. This property was not entailed and Lord Hainault, the earl, left it to his daughter. But if you think the exterior beautiful I don't know what you will say to the interior. We—" she laughed—"you see I talk as if I were part owner—we have some of the finest and oldest oak-carving in England."

The carriage stopped at the grand entrance, a footman helped them to alight, and they entered the hall. A small and girlish figure came out of one of the rooms, and a soft, sweet, but grave voice exclaimed, as the owner kissed Mrs. Leslie—

"You have got back then, dear?" Then she turned to Lyra, who stood, rather pale and timid, a little apart. "How do you do, Miss Chester? I hope you are not tired," and she held out her hand.

"Of course she is tired," said Mrs. Leslie with a kindly smile. "She has spent the last two days in the horrid trains, my dear Theodosia."

At the sound of the name Lyra started and the faint flush which had risen to her face faded away and left it pale again.

Theodosia! The name brought back the remembrance of Lord Dane with the suddenness and keenness of a knife thrust.

Lady Theodosia looked at her with grave but gentle alarm.

"I can see that you are tired," she said in her low, sweet voice.

Lyra tried to speak, but no words would come. The great hall, the two gracious ladies had faded from her sight, she saw only the rushing stream up the valley and the tall stalwart figure of Lord Dane.

Lady Theodosia signed to a maid standing under the gallery.

"Take Miss Chester to her room," she said; then as Lyra, with bent head and still dazed eyes followed the girl, Lady Theodosia said: "What a lovely girl, Fanny; but how frail and fragile she looks!"

"Yes, poor child!" said Mrs. Leslie; "her beauty startled you. I don't think I ever saw a lovelier face, and she is grace itself, isn't she? I think I have secured a treasure for you; but we must be very careful of her. The poor child has just lost her father—only a week ago. Think of it!"

"Oh, dear!" murmured Lady Theodosia compassionately.

"And I fancy there was trouble—money trouble—before that, though she has said nothing. Indeed, she is very reserved and reticent, like all who have suffered. I don't think, from what I can glean, that she has a friend in the world."

"She will have two now," said Lady Theodosia simply.

"That's like you, dear," said Mrs. Leslie, kissing her. "I think you will get very fond of her. I have taken to her tremendously already, though there is nothing brilliant about her, thank heaven. It is wonderful how innocent of the world she is; she had never seen London till yesterday. In fact, she is just an unsophisticated, unaffected child, with the sorrowful heart of a woman."

"A woman with a history?" said Lady Theodosia.

"I—I don't know; no, I don't think so. How should she have 'a history'? She is too young. No; I think her only trouble is the death of her father and her terrible loneliness."

"At any rate, she shall be lonely no longer," said Lady Theodosia very quietly. The footman brought the tea into the drawing-room where they were standing. Lady Theodosia filled a cup and left the room with it, saying over her shoulder: "You can pour out your own, dear."

The maid had offered to help Lyra remove her things and unpack her portmanteau, but Lyra had gently declined, and left alone, had gone to the window and looked out dreamily, thinking of the name she had heard—Theodosia.

A knock came to the door, and she opened it, to find Lady Hainault standing there with the cup of tea in her hand.

"May I come in?" she said, as if she were the newly-engaged companion and Lyra the mistress.

Lyra opened the door wide and Lady Theodosia entered.

"I have brought you a cup of tea," she said, lifting her clear brown eyes almost timidly to Lyra's large sad orbs. "Will you let me stay while you drink it? I know what it is to arrive in a strange house and feel lonely. Let me help you to take your hat off. Why, how tall you are!"

Lyra looked at her, and as she looked the tears welled into her eyes and fell on Lady Theodosia's sleeve.

Lady Theodosia took no notice even when a sob escaped Lyra's lips.

"Drink your tea. I wonder why a hat always makes one's head ache? There now!" She smoothed Lyra's beautiful hair from her forehead and gently forced her on a chair. "Sit down and finish the cup. I will fetch you another, if you like."

Lyra tried to drink the tea. "Oh, no, no!" she said. Then she broke down and hid her face in her hands. The outburst lasted only for a moment and relieved her overstrained nerves; and presently she looked up at Lady Theodosia with a world of self-reproach.

"I—I am ashamed!" she faltered.

"Ashamed of being tired!" said Lady Theodosia with a smile. "Then we should all be very often ashamed of ourselves. I know exactly how you feel, and I ventured to come up to you because I knew. But I will go now, and you must rest. You need not come down to dinner unless you like."

"Thank you, my lady," said Lyra.

Lady Theodosia made a little grimace.

"Oh, please, no," she said; "Call me Lady Theodosia. What is the matter?" she asked, for Lyra's face had paled again suddenly. "I want you to understand at once—it is always best, is it not?—that it desire that we should be friends. You have come to help Mrs. Leslie, who is my dearest friend. Will you tell me your name—I mean your Christian name?"

"Lyra?" said Lyra in a low voice. Her heart was throbbing under this unexpected kindness.

"Lyra?" repeated Lady Theodosia. "It is a musical name in two senses of the word. I wish mine were as pretty; not that one should be discontented," she added, with a touch of her natural gravity. "Well, you shall stay upstairs to dinner, but you must come down afterwards, for I think it will be better for you than remaining here all alone; you would feel solitary and neglected."

"You are very kind," was all Lyra could say.

Lady Theodosia smiled up at her as she rose.

"You are very tall," she said again, and added mentally, "very graceful. You must make haste and get strong again. You have been ill, have you not?"

"N—o," said Lyra. "Yes, I think so."

Lady Theodosia understood.

"We must teach you to forget your trouble," she said in a low voice. "Good-bye; I will send for you after dinner; we shall be quite alone. If there is anything you want, ring that bell by the bookcase—it communicates with my maid's room, and she will answer it."

Mrs. Leslie was still in the drawing-room when Lady Theodosia returned.

"Well?" she said.

Lady Theodosia was silent a moment.

"I am not surprised at your 'taking to her,' as you call it," she said thoughtfully; "she has fascinated me. It is absurd, of course," she added quickly; "one should guard against such sudden prepossessions and prejudices, I know; but—well, one cannot always help them. I suppose it is her beauty and that mournful look in her eyes. What color are they?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Leslie, with a laugh. "If you were a man I should say you had fallen in love with Lyra Chester, Theo."

Lady Theodosia echoed the laugh; then she said gravely—

"He would be a very insensible man

who would not fall in love with her."

Lyra changed her black serge traveling dress for one of soft cashmere which she had provided for evening wear, and shortly after she had done so the maid appeared with a dainty dinner on an antique silver salver which a footman had carried to the door for her. There was a glass of burgundy amongst the other things, and the maid said, as she put it beside the plate—

"Her ladyship says you are to be sure and drink the wine; you are to take it as medicine, miss. You will ring for anything else you want, miss."

She put Lyra's things in the wardrobe, and "tidied up" the room with deft noiselessness before leaving, and Lyra felt that the kindly spirit of the mistress had imparted itself to the servants.

She tried to eat the dinner, and drank half the wine, then went to the window and looked at the sunset which was throwing red gleams over the ancient park and broad meadows, her heart almost aching with its sense of the kindness of these new friends Providence had raised up for her.

Then she made a tour of the room, viewing the luxurious furniture and appointments with a kind of wonder. Like most of the guest chambers in Castle Towers, this they had given her was furnished half as a bedroom and half as a sitting-room. There was a dainty little writing-desk, a well-stocked bookcase of rosewood, a great bowl of flowers, easy chairs, and a couch—a combination of comfort and luxury common enough in the houses of the rich, but strange and wonderful in Lyra's eyes.

While she was looking over the titles of the books the maid knocked.

"Her ladyship says that if you are quite rested, will you come down? I am to show you the way, miss."

"I am quite ready," said Lyra; and she followed the girl down the great stairs and cross the hall into the drawing room.

Mrs. Leslie was seated by the window, and Lady Theodosia, who was at the piano playing softly, motioned Lyra to a chair near her.

"Are you fond of music?" she asked, continuing to play. "But I am sure you are. Do you sing?"

Lyra hesitated, and Lady Theodosia went on with a laugh—

"Everybody says 'No' to that as a matter of course."

"I have had no lessons; I'm afraid I don't sing," said Lyra. "But I will try if you wish."

"Not to-night, certainly," she said, with a smile. "You are too tired. I will sing to you instead."

"Will you have the lights?" asked Mrs. Leslie.

Instinctively Lyra rose to ring the bell, but Lady Theodosia stretched out a hand, and kept her in her seat.

"No, dear. It is pleasant in the gloaming, and I know the song. We will have lights when the tea comes in."

She began to sing "The Star of Bethlehem" in a sweet, though not powerful voice, and Lyra leant back with half-closed eyes, and listened with a grateful sense of rest and peace.

Lady Theodosia paused after the first part.

"You like it?" she said.

"Yes," said Lyra.

"It is a great favorite of mine, but it wants a man's voice."

"It wants Dane's," said Mrs. Leslie, with a half laugh, and so quietly that Lyra did not hear her.

Lady Theodosia blushed slightly and frowned a little, then went on with the song. Suddenly she stopped and looked round.

"Who is that?" she asked.

Mrs. Leslie looked up listeningly.

"Well, I thought I heard a man's voice," she said.

As she spoke the door opened, and a footman announced—

"Lord Armitage."

Lyra, looking like one in a dream, saw a tall figure in evening dress enter the room and heard a voice—his voice—say—

"Hallos, Doelet! I thought you eschewed the ways of darkness. Where are you, and which are you?" And he looked round the dim room with a laugh.

Lady Theodosia rose, and glided towards him.

"Is that you, Dane? Why did you not come to dinner?"

"Yes, why didn't you? We had lobster cutlets," remarked Mrs. Leslie.

"Really!" he said. "Perhaps there are some left."

Was she asleep and dreaming? It was his voice, and yet—yet there was a difference. The words were light enough, but the light-hearted ring in the tone was absent. Oh, surely she must be dreaming! As she gazed at him, her lips apart, her heart seemed breaking with its wild throbbing, the room spun round with her.

He came towards her, walking by Lady Theodosia's side, and presently he saw her.

He stopped short.

"Why—who is this?" he said, in a low voice of faint surprise.

Lyra rose unsteadily, and grasped the back of the chair.

"It is Miss Chester," said Lady Theodosia, in her even voice. "Miss Chester, this is Lord Dane Armitage."

Dane started, then took a step forward.

"Merciful heaven!" broke from his lips.

Then, as she staggered, he caught her in his arms.

Mrs. Leslie hurried forward at his wild exclamation.

"Oh, poor child! poor child! she has fainted!" she said. "Give her to me, Dane. Help me with her to the sofa, Theo."

He held her for a moment, gazing wildly at the white, lovely face lying against his breast, then raised his eyes to the other women with a savage refusal.

"Leave her to me," he said hoarsely; then he mastered himself, and carrying her to the sofa, laid her down.

There was not light enough to see his face, or it would have told its story—to Mrs. Leslie, at any rate

"Poor girl!" she said. "Ring for the lights, Lord Dane, please. And I think you had better go and have a cigar in the library."

He did as he was told, and went out like a man walking in his sleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

At Home and Abroad.

Bloodhounds for thief-catching are used with much success and spectacular effect in several Southern and Western States, and sets of animals are permanently added to the Sheriff's outfit in some counties of Kentucky and Missouri. A pair of hounds in Hardin county, Ky., were set on the trail of a thief one afternoon recently, and, after following it five miles, ran into a house, upstairs and into a bed in which the thief, his wife and two children were asleep.

Queer decorations are often seen on graves in cemeteries. In one of the older burial grounds of Brooklyn there are faded photographs and even ambro-types of the dead, flowers made of paper, cloth and tin, toys in glass cases that the dead children used to play with, borders and designs in knobs and seaworn pebbles. One small grave had at one time a little house over it containing a torn doll and a pair of baby's shoes. Another has a metal upright, terminating in a hook, from which is suspended a wire basket filled with seashells.

The Earl of Aberdeen, Viceroy and Governor-General of Canada, is liable at any moment to be ousted from his seat in the House of Lords, and deprived of his peerage and estate, by the reappearance of his elder brother, who vanished in a most mysterious fashion years ago, during a voyage from New York to Brazil, from a vessel where he was serving as a sailor before the mast. Notwithstanding all efforts, no trace of him has ever been obtained, nor is there any certainty of his death.

A lunar cycle is nineteen years; and if the moon have the same pull in aerial as in ocean tides, as many persons believe, it may be inferred that the present winter, like that of 1875-76, will be mild and muggy. Attempts to establish periodicity in winters, whether on a lunar cycle, sunspot or other basis, have thus far yielded too meagre results to serve as starting points for a prognostic system; but it will be at least interesting, as a matter of curiosity, to note whether the moon's supposed sway upon our atmosphere shall produce results this year similar to those of nineteen years ago.

A representative of an American mercantile agency who has been making a tour of Germany reports that the uncertainties of tariff legislation had suspended the effects of the World's Fair at Chicago, but that they are now becoming apparent, and will be sure to manifest themselves in greatly increased exports of furniture, carriage, plated good, etc. As this is the outlook in a country which has a grievance in its sugar interests, it warranted still more hopeful expectations as to other lands which see in the new tariff only an invitation to closer relations between the United States "and the rest of mankind."

An odd kind of settlement of an election deadlock has been made by the two candidates for Sheriff of Wolfe county, Ky. Both candidates received the same number of votes, and the most careful recount and inspection of the ballots failed to alter the result. The candidates wouldn't agree to another contest, and, as they were close friends, neither would accept the office at the hands of the other. It was finally agreed that they should divide equally the receipts of the office and draw lots to decide which should be Sheriff. The Republican won the draw, and the Democrat will be chief Deputy Sheriff, but with an equal share in the spoils of office.

The most sorely tried and one of the most popular of the world's sovereigns, the Emperor and King Francis Joseph, of Austria-Hungary, recently passed his 64th birthday. Succeeding to the throne on the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand and the cession of his rights by his own father in the troublesome year 1848, he is the eldest of European monarchs, with the exception of Queen Victoria. His predecessor and his wife, his own two parents, those of the Empress, and even the widow of Francis the First, were all still living when he had been nearly a quarter of a century on the throne. The Emperor has waged two unsuccessful wars, losing provinces after each. He lost his brother, Maximilian, by a cruel fate in 1867, and five years ago his only son, in circumstances that were even more tragic. His consort was for many years an invalid. Lastly, a year ago, his eldest daughter's eldest daughter gave him a shock by eloping with a young lieutenant

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Little Troubles.

Trifles we are, and trifles disturb us. Sometimes it may console us to reflect, when we have yielded to such petty annoyances, that greater men than we have been as weak. But this is but a poor consolation. It consoles us to think that great men have lived who have been reviled, and reviled not again; whose lives have been as calm as heaven, and whose souls were as pure; rather than to imagine that we are all so little that a small annoyance, like a grain of sand, will wear away and injure alike the finest mechanism of the mind or the watch. A good armor against little troubles is furnished by selfishness and conceit. A thick skin does not care for a scratch, and there are some men so dull of comprehension of anything against themselves that they can bear unmoved the satire of a Dryden or the invective of a Gifford. But this kind of defence is not to be envied; it is certainly the thickness of skin of the hog or jackass, but it unfortunately carries with it the stupidity and selfishness of those animals. A better is in an immeasurable and, if possible, a well-founded opinion of oneself.

Yes, indeed, those are little troubles which arise from envy, hatred and malice; but they are hard to be borne. There are other little troubles in life which are merely annoying, but the constant recurrence of which, like the constant dropping of water, will wear away the best tempers if we do not make head against them.

At the beginning of this century there was published a well-known, clever and amusing little book on the "Miseries of Human Life." It makes miseries of everything; of watering-places whereto people go for pleasure; of dinners which they give for pleasure; of coaches, of horses, of rowing, sailing, riding, or driving; of traveling, of inns, of sleeping in strange beds, of sporting, of London, of reading and writing, and the public press, and a thousand other things. The effect of the book was no doubt wholesome. The old gentleman who gives these lectures to his son and wife and his friend Mr. Sensitive, is one Mr. Testy, senior; and his manners, of course depicted in a very "fat" manner, as the painters say, that is, with gross exaggeration, are just as farcically absurd as the manners of the conventional old-comedy father or tyrant uncle are on the stage. Let us imagine a man who, when a candle is insufficiently extinguished, and, as he says, "smells under his nose," opens the window and throws candle and candlestick into the street; who flies into a rage because he has to mount up fifty stairs to go to bed; and who thinks it a rare "misery" if he wishes to spend his holiday at Brighton, and he finds the town so full that he is obliged to go to Ramsgate, although both towns were then nearly equal in fashion. Mr. Testy calls his objurgations and complainings against fortune "groans;" and if we cultivate our capacity for groaning in this way, we don't know how much of that kind of noise we may make in this world.

About ten years ago the French followed up this book by a volume on the same subject, and, in point of artistic illustration, improved on Mr. Bereford's work, while they fell short of him in dry wit and humor. But if there were a whole library of books on the subject, the facts would not be one whit altered with regard to them; they are—(1) That little troubles are, on the whole, much less well borne than the greater ones. (2) That greater ones drive them away, and that upon the pinch of any real necessity, they disappear. (3) That people well to do, and in what is called "comfortable circumstances," suffer most from them; and this must follow No. 2, since real troubles, or a great trouble, serve all the little ones like Aaron's rod did the rods of the Egyptian sorcerers when turned into serpents; i. e., it swallowed them all up.

How much soever wise people have insisted upon the importance of trifles, there is this much certain, that if we pay too much attention to them, we become little in ourselves, and incapable of great actions.

If we choose to make a mountain of a mole-hill, we shall find plenty of mole-hills to build a perfect Alpine or Himalayan chain. Two people—if they but like to set about it in an artistic way—will be quite sufficient to make as many little troubles and miseries as one can desire. A man and his wife, if they only determine to plague each other—if the wife will hate what the husband likes, and the husband will fret at what the wife wears, says and does—will have such a crop of little miseries about them, that, if they reap all day, they will not be able to harvest them.

But the brave and true man and woman will go through life putting aside these little troubles, just as a gliding ship does the ripple of salt and yeasty bubbles at its prow. Let the cares and anxieties, the worries and little troubles of life grow up about our seed of truth, and we know the result—the corn will be choked, and never bring forth. But if we determine to bear a calm temper, to be thankful and enjoy the good we have, to look at the wife that God has given us as the most fit for us, and our friends and children as the best (under the circumstances); to believe that a Providence wiser than ourselves has put us in our true and best position; if, moreover, we try and think humbly of ourselves, we shall find that little troubles will cease to annoy us, that trifles cannot hurt us any more than a gnat can sting a rhinoceros, nay, moreover, that our stock of annoyances will no more grow in our bosoms than weeds will spring up in a gravel walk after it has been well sprinkled with acid, and sown with salt.

A YEAR'S subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would be an appropriate and very useful present to a friend.

WE have been often told that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and we may be just as well assured that a little bread is not the safest of all things; it would be far better to have plenty of both; but the sophism of those who used this argument is, that they represent the choice between little and much, whereas our election must be made between little and none at all. If the choice is to be made between a small portion of information or of food, and absolute ignorance or starvation, common-sense gives its decision in the homely proverb—"Half a loaf is better than no bread."

LOST wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by medicine; but lost time is gone for ever. If a man elects to mount the rounds of the world's ladder, he must have what Charles Lamb calls "grit." The man who expects that quality of nature must become a pugilist, knocking the i out of all "ifs." It is the chief element in the body politics of every successful man. A man low down you cannot keep low down if he wants to rise. Men rise from gutters to rule in palaces of kings, and to command the men content to remain in bondage.

I CALL my own experience to witness that in the external actions of my whole life I never was disappointed in the best guidance and assistance when I had, in humility and sincerity, implored the Divine aid and benediction. There are peculiar happy flights and bright minutes which open to men great landscapes, and give them a full and most beautiful prospect of things, which do not always arise out of a previous meditation or chain of thought, but are flashes of light from the eternal sources, which often break in upon the peaceful, pure and pious mind.

IF a man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of this world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a part of the continent that joins them.

WITH A PEDIGREE.

OF ALL the plants used for food, there is none which has been so long known, or has had, so to say, so distinguished a lineage as Asparagus. Its record, in fact, reaches back to almost the commencement of authentic history, as it is mentioned by the comic poet Cratinus, who died about 425 B. C., and was a contemporary of, though slightly older than, Aristophanes. Among the Romans also, the tasty vegetable was held in high esteem. Cato the Elder—not the gentleman who was of opinion that Plato reasoned well, but his great-grandfather, who insisted upon the destruction of Carthage, and who was born 234 B. C.—wrote a work, which is still extant, De Re Rustica, and in it he treats at length of the virtues and proper cultivation of asparagus. Pliny also in his Natural History (about 60 A. D.) has much to say on the subject. "Of all the productions of your garden," he feelingly observes, "your chief care will be your asparagus;" and he devotes several chapters and parts of chapters to its many beneficent qualities and the best modes of raising it. He asserts that, even in his day, the soil about Ravenna was so favorable to its production, that three heads grown in that district had been known to weigh a Roman pound. As, however, this pound seems to have been equal to only about eleven of our ounces, it would apparently have required four of the stalks to reach a pound of our weight; but this result, considering the state of horticulture in those days, may be looked upon as wonderful enough, and in point of fact only been equalled in our own times.

It is possible, however, that, asparagus being essentially a southern plant, the original stock found in Italy was of a more vigorous growth than that of more northern climes. It occurs all round the shores of the Mediterranean, and branches off into four or five distinct species besides the one ordinarily used for edible purposes. In Britain says one writer we have only the latter, and even that is confined to a few favored districts. With us, it is never found away from the sea-coast; and although, according to the botanical books, it extended in former times all along the Channel, and even up to the latitude of London, Cornwall and Devonshire seem to be now the only counties where it can be met with. Withering declares that in his day (1812) it grew not only at Harwich, but also at Gravesend, and even at Greenwich. It is needless to say that at present it would scarcely repay a botanist to look for wild asparagus at Greenwich, nor would Harwich or Gravesend be much more likely places. Probably the only remaining spots where it could now be discovered with any certainty would be about the Lizard and one or two other places in Cornwall. Opposite Kynans Cove, in the latter county, the so-called Asparagus Island is yet covered with it, and offers a pretty spectacle as the tall feathery stalks wave to and fro in the breeze.

In France and Germany, however, the plant is much more common; nor is it confined entirely to the coasts. Gillet says that it grows also in woods and sandy meadows; and with regard to Germany, Wagner gives as its habitat "hedges, bushy places, and fertile mountain meadows." In some parts of the Russian steppes it is said to grow so abundantly that the cattle eat it like grass; but it must be remembered that in all these countries more than one kind of asparagus is found—sometimes three or four different kinds—and it is quite possible that some of them may be occasionally mistaken for the veritable or edible article.

Of late years, the cultivation of asparagus has, especially in France, arrived at great perfection. In England, its headquaters are still, as they have been for years, about Mortlake, Richmond, and along the valley of the Thames, the alluvial soil of which —probably mixed with a good deal of sand —seems to suit the plant admirably. The English growers, however, can scarcely compete with the French as regards the size and flavor of the heads produced. In France, one of the chief centres of the trade is at Argenteuil, a village on the Seine, near Paris, and which formerly had a reputation for producing an extremely formidable wine, much dreaded by the gourmets and frequenters of the Parisian restaurants. This wine, it was alleged, was always served when entertainments extended to a late hour, no matter what especial brand had been ordered. Large quantities of it are still produced; but some years ago the proprietors of the vineyards came upon the idea of increasing their revenues by planting asparagus between the vines. This succeeded so well, that at present large tracts of ground, exceeding altogether a thousand acres, are given up entirely to the cultivation of the vegetable, and the Paris market draws the best, or at least the most highly esteemed, portion of its supplies from there. If the accounts given by some of the gentlemen engaged in this occupation are to be believed, the speculation must be extremely profitable, for it is said that the average returns of the thousand acres more or less exceed a million francs or $200,000. Some growers indeed estimate their "takings" at even a higher figure. One firm gives the cost of planting, keeping in order, and the expenses of labor, at about thirty pounds an acre, and the average annual value of the crop at something like $200,000

Against this, however, as he says, he has to reckon the loss of his capital for some four years. An asparagus bed, newly laid, produces nothing whatever until the third year, and then only a very small amount, systematic cutting not being commenced before the fifth year after planting. It is estimated that after this age each stock, or root, will give about ten heads every year, and that this yields will continue, under favorable conditions, for some twenty or five-and-twenty years.

A SNAP SHOT.—There are a great many hunters armed with magazine cameras instead of guns out in the Maine woods now, watching and working for a chance to get a snap shot at deer, moose or any other wild game. The photographers return with some wonderfully interesting results to show in pictures of wild animals in their natural surroundings. And they claim there is as much glory in taking a deer's picture as in taking its life. It requires just as much skill to get within photographing distance as within shooting range, and often more. Any way, it is an interesting new field for the irrepressible amateur photographer.

MYRTLE'S CALCULATIONS.—"Mamma," said little Myrtle, "I want a doll's house like Mamie Brown's." "But, Myrtle," said her mamma, "Mamie Brown's papa is rich, and yours is poor. You cannot have everything that she has. Myrtle sat and thought for a moment; then she asked, "Why didn't you marry Mr. Brown, mamma?" "Because I married your papa," answered her mother much amused. "It would have been better for your family," persisted Myrtle, "then I might have had that doll's house."

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. C. W. H.—The POST will not publish the story in book form. The author does not wish her name known.

VERA.—The derivation of the word tobacco is variously given. Some say it is from Tobacco, a province of Yucatan, New Spain, others from the Island of Tobago, one of the Caribees, others from Tobasco in the Gulf of Florida.

M. K. T.—Never had a lover, you say? All the better. You haven't frittered away your affections, and can pour them on the right fellow when he comes. He'll come after awhile. Don't fret about him, but make yourself as sweet and smart as possible for him when he does come.

METOR.—There is no proof whatever that meteorites come from the sun. The bright granules on the sun—the faculæ—are entirely distinct from the sun spots, and they are not composed of helium in combination with hydrogen. We only know of the existence of helium through its spectrum; it is not contained in meteorites, and even if it could be transferred to the earth would not solidify.

ERNEST.—According to a popular dictionary, a pie is an article of food consisting of paste with fruit or some kind of meat baked in it; a tart is a species of pie or pastry consisting of fruit baked on paste. This being the correct definition, a dish filled with fruit would be neither one or the other; if pastry were on the top it would be a pie, if on the bottom a tart. Pies are generally deep, and tarts shallow.

L. S. L.—So much depends upon the age, pursuits, habits, tastes and character of the young gentleman that in the absence of any particulars concerning him it is a little difficult to say what he would like best. Try a purse or a pair of wool-work slippers, or, if he smokes, a cigar-case, with his initials worked on it with silk. For some books would be as good as anything. Exercise your own ingenuity a little, and think what he would prefer.

W. B. H.—Most of the celebrated Limburg cheese is made at the town of Herve, near the town of Limburg, once the capital of the old territory of the same name. The cheese is made by allowing the curds to undergo a certain amount of putrefactive fermentation before drying and pressing, and when this is done skilfully the offensive ammoniacal gases can be so completely got rid of as to leave a Limburger cheese as sweet as any other.

FORREST.—The total forest area in the United States is estimated at a round 450,000,000 acres, of which about 40 per cent. is in farms, while the area of land in farms unimproved or waste, not in forest, may be estimated at about 75,000,000 acres. Alaska and the Indian reservations are not included in this calculation. At the present rate of cutting the remainder of the forest land in the United States cannot long meet the enormous demands on its resources.

ALBERT.—There is very good reason to believe Egypt was the first country in which the art of medicine was cultivated with any degree of success, the office of the priest and the physician being probably combined in the same person. In the writings of Moses there are various allusions to the practice of medicine among the Jews, especially with reference to the treatment of leprosy. The priests were the physicians, and their treatment mainly aimed at promoting cleanliness and preventing contagion.

A. A.—It is well known that the higher one ascends the rarer the atmosphere grows. As the atmosphere becomes rarer its power of absorbing solar heat grows less. At some unknown distance from the earth it becomes so rare as to be identical with the ether or the fluid which fills the spaces between the heavenly bodies, which spaces are inconceivably cold. On the other hand, the atmosphere is densest next the earth's surface, and on that account it has there its greatest capacity for absorbing rays of solar heat; consequently heat is greater at the surface of the earth than at any place above in the atmosphere.

AT LAST.

BY M. H. B.

The woods are sere, and the winds are grieving:
  Under a sky that is angry and red,
The sea, like a tortured heart, is heaving:
  Summer, and with it my dreaming, is fled.

All the roses lie crushed and broken,
  Like the fair hopes that I cherished so;
Time it is our farewells were spoken:
  Fate has decreed it, and I must go.

What! Are those tears through your lashes stealing?
  What is 't your faltering lips would frame?
Can it be you before me low kneeling,
  Brokenly, tremblingly breathing my name?

Oh, my beloved! say, say I'm not dreaming.
  Let the winds rave and the wild waters chide;
Eyes full of love-light in mine are beaming;
  Summer returns evermore to abide.

A Substitute.

BY L. H. A.

IN ALL the world of journalism no two women writers were better known than Leila Leighton and Letty Lane. They poured out such quantities of copy in the course of the week, that there was hardly a paper without their joint signature. The amount of work they got through was surprising, and they had learnt to combine their styles so well that you could never have told where one left off and the other began. People who knew them well, declared that Letty's style was the more vivacious, whilst you could detect a subtle flavor of sarcasm in Leila Leighton's work. But writing so much together, the styles assimilated more and more, and sometimes it was Letty who seemingly wrote more finely of the two, and Leila who caught something of the dash of her friend.

"Bab and Belle" figured (on paper) at all kinds of fine entertainments; they were present at the Drawing-room and the Academy soiree; they had a good time at Ascot, and were on a houseboat at Henley, and they went down to Goodwood on a drag. The country reader was much impressed with the idea of all these grandeurs, and pictured the two writers as titled ladies, leading a life of giddy gaiety, and turning out occasional copy by way of filling an idle hour.

The country reader might have been slightly disillusioned had he seen the tiny sitting-room Bab and Belle shared on a third floor in Bloomsbury. The room was shabbily furnished, and the floor was all over scraps of paper, which had been flung towards the waste-paper basket, and had just missed their mark. There were piles of old papers, a tea-pot on the hob, and a writing-table in each window—one very untidy, and one very neat. Leila was the perfection of order, and her table was a source of pride to her. Letty knew where everything was, but her table was outwardly chaotic.

A dark, handsome girl sat at one of the tables writing, her cheek flushed with a hectic glow, her pen tearing over the paper as fast as it would go. When she came to the end of a page, she tore the sheet asunder with a sharp noise, tossed the finished sheet on the top of its fellows, and set to work upon the blank one at once.

"I hope the sound does not disturb you," she said to Leila, soon after they had first settled down to write together; "but it seems to help me when I tear the sheet, and I don't think I could work in any other way."

"You indulge yourself dreadfully," said Leila, shaking her head.

"I do!" responded Letty frankly. "It is hard enough in my case to work so much, in every mood, and in every state of health, and always to get it up to time. I look on my brain as a kind of race-horse who does his work very well on the whole, and if there is anything that helps it work, it seems to me that it ought to have it."

"You will form a number of bad habits like that," said Leila calmly, "and you will master you completely. Then they will be sorry, and you will wish you had taken yourself in hand in time."

"You are dreadfully critical," cried Letty. "I never saw any one with such an analytical mind. I don't believe you care for me at all, seeing all my faults as you do!" And here she threw herself on the ground impulsively, and laid her head against Leila's arm.

"Not care for you!" answered Leila. "Why, I would come from the grave to serve you!"

It had been a rare burst of emotion—the alarming emotion of a self-contained nature, and she had been additionally cold for days afterwards. But Letty never forgot it, and she treasured up the thought of this solitary expression of feeling as though it had been hidden gold.

* * * * * *

She was still tearing away at her work (on the day I speak of,) when the door opened gently, and Leila came in. A little sallow woman, with a small, pointed face and dark intelligent eyes. She had a stick in her hand, and as she crossed the room, one saw she was slightly lame.

An accident had partially crippled Leila in childhood. Confined for years to the sofa, books had been her only companions, and the habit of writing had been here long before she had ever thought of turning it to practical account. She had come up to London (as Letty had) with the idea of teaching, and chance had directed both of them towards journalism instead. They were both alone in the world—Leila through a death, Letty through a quarrel, and they met by chance in a ladies' club, gradually struck up a friendship, which resulted in a working partnership. The union was an excellent one from every point of view, and while Letty did most of the going about, Leila designed the form of the article, wrote a large part of it, and attended to all the business arrangements.

"Have you got it?" cried Letty eagerly, as her friend came in at the door.

"Yes, it is all right," said the little lame woman, sinking down into a chair near the writing-table. "Three columns a week—a little Society, but the greater part about Dress. He's an awful man—the editor! I don't think you had better see him at all."

"Such a martinet?" asked Letty, pausing with her pen in mid-air.

"Such a martinet," replied Leila solemnly, nodding the small head which was shaded by a large hat, "he is quite as bad as Dr. Manns told me he would be when he offered me the introduction. Misunderstands you on purpose, and then jumps down your throat and says you have made a mistake."

"How shall we get on with him?" asked Letty, her face going rather white.

"Well, the great thing is punctuality, and he is quite right in that. His last lady-writer failed him once, and he never employed her again."

"Well, that's natural," said Letty, "you and I have never disappointed any one yet."

"My dear, she simply could not help it," said Leila, "it was not her fault at all. He understood the cause, when it was explained to him, but he said forgiveness was a bad precedent, and he was afraid to get a reputation for being too mild. I don't know what you will do when you see him! I am afraid you would lose your temper—you are so much impulsive than I. But let me tell you at once what you will have to do. The ladies' letter is to be principally about the advertisers, and the agent has made an appointment for you to go to Grey's next Monday morning, and you are to write an account of everything in the place."

"That's the most tiring thing in the world," said Lettice, as she noted the day and hour in her engagement-book, "all the black dresses, all the black materials, and all the mourning millinery! Black, black, black! Nothing but the shape to remember the different things."

"And the copy must be in next morning," Leila went on, "so you will have to write it the same day. I can do the society part, but you do dress so much better than I."

"You did it beautifully when I was away in the autumn," said Lettice, smiling with pleasure at the implied compliment, "only I don't like you to go round the shops—I know it takes it out of you so much."

"I saw two or three members of the staff while I was at the office," said Leila; "Helen of Troy came in—she is so frightfully plain—and I saw the one who does the etiquette—she was smoking a cigarette."

"Smoking!"

"Yes, she smokes a good deal, and she is rather slangy. Says she gets so tired of writing about propriety she must let the steam off somehow. But she is rather a jolly woman, and of very good family: the father was an honorable, or something, you know."

"You didn't see the Pleasure-seeker, I suppose? I have always wondered so about him."

"No, I didn't see him, but I found out who he is. He is Mr. Trefusis, of the Princess's. The editor asked me what I thought of his criticisms, and I said, 'Well, they read to me as though he never went to the play.' 'More he does,' said the editor sharply; 'he can't! he is playing the Grave-digger in 'Hamlet.'"

"The Pleasure-seeker!" said Letty, and she went off into one of those merry laughs which used to be the envy of the young artist who lived on the next floor, and who used to wish he had a chum himself, or at least knew what the joke could be about.

* * * * * *

The veil which hides the future from our eyes is a merciful covering, and Letty would not have laughed so heartily that evening had she known what the next few days would bring forth. Next day came a request from an editor that one of the two girls should write an account of a journey to the Norfolk Broads; the free pass accompanied the letter, together with a few instructions as to the treatment of the subject. The article was to act in some sort as a decoy-duck to induce other travelers to patronize the same line of steam and rail. The pass was for one, but this was just as well, for the two women never left home together. It was settled that Leila should go, and Letty saw her off at the station, and never forgot her last sight of the dear little face as it looked its farewell from the carriage window. The quiet little figure in the long gray cloak, the check hold-all, the yellow-backed novel to be read in the train—all

hese details impressed themselves unconsciously on Letty's mind, as she stood saying good-bye at the carriage-window. The whistle sounded, the train started, and the little pale face with the large dark eyes looked out of the window as the train went off. Letty never saw it again. Two days afterwards the newspaper boys were doing good business with the evening papers, on account of the fearful accident to a pleasure-steamer on the Norfolk Broads. And Letty was reading the "account by one of the survivors," with her brain reeling, and saying, "It cannot be; it cannot be!" over and over again.

* * * * * *

"Amongst the passengers was a little woman in a long gray cloak, who was traveling all alone. She showed singular courage in the moment of danger and was doing her best to soothe the other women, who were uttering distracted cries. She might have got off to the boats with the rest, but she could not walk so fast—she was lame."

* * * * * *

"If you please, mum, I think t ere's something wrong with Number Three," said the lodging-house servant a little later. "I went in to ask her if she'd like her supper and she set staring at me as though she didn't hear. And she ain't touched her tea, and she looks real awful, with her face like death, all except a red spot on each cheek."

True enough, Letty was ill, and mercifully unconscious of the trouble that had caused it. It was always of her work that she raved, as she lay there. Now she was going through a picture-gallery, now she was at the theatre and could not see. Now she was trying to describe a shop, but they would hurry her on so fast—they would bring another mantle before she had half described the last! And what miles of weary stairs from one department to the other! She would never reach the next floor. The landlady had called in the doctor, who had soon sent a nurse, and ordered that Letty's stepmother should be sent for. The poor little silly woman sat crying at the door of the sick-room, not allowed to enter, for fear of agitating the patient over much. Little did she think when she quarrelled with the independent girl what a sad set of circumstances was to bring them together again. The third day of the illness there was a change for the better, and the nurse, watching by the bedside, saw that the fever had left her for a time.

"What day is it?" asked the girl, after a long silence.

"Friday," replied the nurse.

"Nothing that need be done till Monday," said the girl, turning wearily on her pillow; "how lucky I wrote so much in advance last week!"

"What is it on Monday? Nothing that matters?" suggested the nurse gently.

"Grey's—don't you remember?" said Lettice, "all the black mantles and all the black gowns. The editor would never forgive me if I failed the very first time."

* * * * * *

"How is she to-day, nurse?" asked the doctor next day.

"Well, she seems worse again this morning," said the woman simply, "and she does nothing but moan about her work. It is so dreadful; none of us know what she wants to do, and we don't know any of the papers she writes for, and whether we ought to write and say she's ill."

"We must get her well first, that's the important thing," said the doctor, and he wrote a fresh prescription before he went off on his rounds.

But the fever appeared to increase, and when the Monday came she remembered her appointment, and it was scarcely possible to keep her in bed.

"I must go! I must go!" she kept crying; "I have got to go all over the establishment. And the editor is such a martinet. You don't want me to offend him the very first time I begin?" She got so restless at last that the nurse had recourse to a sleeping draught; under the influence of this the patient sank to rest, and remained quietly sleeping long after the time for the appointment was gone.

It was another week yet before Letty recovered and set herself to work to gather up the scattered threads of her life. The thought of pleasure was gone from her, with the irretrievable loss she had sustained, only the idea of duty remained, and she set herself sternly to take up her work. She sat up in bed with letters and papers all round her, attending to her correspondence column which was sadly in arrears, and long before the nurse thought her well enough to walk, she had got her clothes with trembling hands, and set off to pay that deferred visit to Grey's. There was a stony look in her face which had never been there before. She never mentioned Lelia, and no one dared to speak of her.

"She would be much better if she would cry," said the nurse, "but she is saving up every atom of strength in the hope of regaining her work."

It was a faded, wan figure that dragged itself into the great mourning warehouse and explained its business to a brisk and smiling manager.

"Come to take notes for the 'Grosvenor Gazette?' The man who generally manages these things is away, but we shall be delighted to show you everything, I am sure." And he ushered his visitor into the department for ready-made gowns, where a tall young woman dressed like a fashion-plate came forward to welcome her.

"For the 'Grosvenor Gazette?'" said the woman, "it is very good of you. But we have had an article so recently I don't think you will be able to find anything fresh to say. They sent us a lady from the office, and the article appeared last week."

"They sent you a lady?" gasped Letty, her heart sinking as she realized that her place had been filled, "they sent you a lady? what was she like?"

"A little lame woman, dressed in gray," said the woman, "she was very quiet, but she took great pains."

"A little lame woman!" repeated Letty, turning deadly white; "it was after the steamer went down!"

So her place had been taken and her work continued, while she lay unconscious in her bed. The little lame woman had kept her word. She had come from the grave to save her friend.

Solitude.—Webster, the statesman, used to say of a difficult question, "Let me sleep on it." It was not merely for morning vigor, but to get the matter at distance where he could measure its proportions and see its relations. So it is well at times to get away from our world—companions, actions, work—in order to measure it and ascertain our relations to it. The moral use of the night is in the isolation it brings, shutting out the world from the senses that it may be realized in thought. It is very simple advice, but heeding. Get some moments each day to yourself; take now and then a solitary walk; get into the silence of woods or some other isolation as deep, and suffer the mysterious sense of selfhood to steal upon you, as it surely will. Pythagoras insisted upon an hour of solitude every day, to meet his own mind and learn what oracle it had to impart.

The Princess's Choice.

BY L. I. A.

THERE was consternation in the Court of the Great King, Calamanth.

His only daughter, Laila—the "Princess of the Beautiful Eyes," as she was called throughout the kingdom, the sole representative, after Calamanth himself, of a line of kings unbroken for seven centuries—had fallen in love with the son of the Grand Vizier, a high personage certainly, but with no royal blood at all in his veins.

Kadir, the young man in question, had been seen wandering with the high and unapproachable Princess in her olive-garden, with his plebeian arm encircling her royal waist, while the blue blood of seven centuries of kings in the Princess' veins reddened her beautiful cheek as she listened to his love-words.

This was a very serious state of things, and every member of the Court prayed heartily that the King's eye would not light upon him until his Serene Majesty had recovered a little from the shock of the discovery.

It was the Grand Vizier himself who espied the lovers, and being a little short-sighted, he hurried away and reported the matter to his monarch without any idea that the Princess's companion was his own son. The Princess Laila he recognized, of course, from her raiment of golden web, with which no other woman in the land might clothe herself under pain of death. The shining drapery glittered among the roses and lemon shrubs of the olive-garden in the light of the setting sun, and the Grand Vizier hurried away precipitately that his royal master might see the terrible sight with his own eyes, and not accuse him of invention. When he discovered that the miscreant was his son, he tried to make the fact count to himself for loyalty in the King's eyes. It was lucky for him that he was the informant, or Calamanth might have accused him of plotting to gain the Crown for Kadir, and instigating the young man to make love to the Princess as a preliminary. As it was, the Great King smiled upon him benignly.

"We will boil the young man in oil, and all will be well," he said. He had already had the young man thrown into prison.

The Grand Vizier expected nothing less; but he loved his son Kadir exceedingly, and he was not minded to let him die without making an effort to save his life. He fell upon his knees, therefore, before the King, and begged leave to speak in his ear words of wisdom.

"For the presumptuous young man, Kadir, I care nothing, O King," he said, insinuatingly, "but it is necessary to think of Her Serene Highness the Princess, your daughter."

"She shall certainly be present at the execution," said Calamanth, agreeably. "It is necessary, as you suggest, that the Princess should receive a lesson."

The Grand Vizier tried to bow himself lower, but the earth was hard, and would not receive him.

"Far be it from me, O King," he said, "for such a dog as I am to suggest the application of lessons to Her Serene Highness. The necessity is only that the unworthy image of that violent miscreant, my son, may be effectually removed from

her royal and illustrious remembrance."

"That is true," said Calamanth, thoughtfully. "How do you propose doing it? Should we not begin by wiping Kadir off the face of the earth?"

The Grand Vizier proceeded diplomatically.

"True, O King; but will not the punishment of the young man fill Her Serene Highness's heart with pity, and stamp his image ineffaceably on her illustrious memory? If your servant might offer a suggestion, it would be this: choose for the young man a wife from the maidens who attend upon Her Supreme Highness, and command their alliance. Let the Princess of the Beautiful Eyes be present at the marriage feast, and allow her to gain reports from time to time of the young people's married felicity. Then will she cease to dwell for moment on the memory of a man who appears so easily to find solace in the love of another, and the evil that has been wrought will soon be amended."

"Your plan has something in it," said the King. "Leave me to the consideration of it."

For twenty-four hours the Great King considered the suggestion that the Grand Vizier had made; but the more he considered it, the more undecided he became whether to adopt it or not. Personally, he was very anxious to punish with a signal punishment the plebeian person who had presumed to disturb his daughter's mental serenity, especially as no very interesting execution had taken place in the capital for more than a fortnight. At the same time he was considerably troubled by the knowledge that Laila's affections had been seriously affected, and the desire to undo as speedily as possible the harm that had been worked by Kadir's honeyed words and handsome appearance. His Majesty sought advice, counsel from the wisest of his counsellors, but their opinons on the subject seemed equally divided.

"It would be unsafe to allow the young man to remain at the Court," said the Grand Vizier's party, "but if he were sent to one of the distant provinces, and allied to a lady fair enough to make him forget the Princess of the Beautiful Eyes, it might be more efficacious in restoring peace to her mind than any signal punishment." On the other hand, those who saw the leaning of the King's mind, were all in favor of an immediate and painful execution.

Calamanth was unable to decide.

It was then that the Master of the Royal Circuses distinguished himself by a brilliant suggestion.

"Oh! most illustrious potentate," he said, bowing himself to the ground in his naturally theatrical manner, "why should the royal mind trouble itself with the decision of such a difficult matter? Let the King leave it, and Allah will choose which fate shall befall the presumptuous young aspirant after the hand of Princesses."

"But how will Allah show his decision?" asked Calamanth, doubtfully, and the Master of the Royal Circuses produced his plan.

"Let the King write to the Governor of his most distant province two letters," he said, "and send the prisoner Kadir as bearer of one of them, with soldiers, whose care it shall be that he deliver it safely into the Governor's hand. In the one letter command the Governor to boil the person Kadir in oil, in the other exhort him to marry him to the most beautiful woman in his provinces, and exalt him to a position of dignity."

"The Governor will be puzzled," said Calamanth, "which order to obey."

"No, O King!" said the Master of the Royal Circuses, "for he will receive only one letter, which he will forthwith carry out. Let both letters be outwardly in exact semblance, and let the young person Kadir chose which he will deliver, not knowing the contents thereof."

"By Allah! it is a good plan," said the Great King, and he commanded the Grand Vizier to present its author with a large reward from his own private purse, for suggesting such an easy way out of the royal difficulties.

Whereupon the Master of the Royal Circuses was encouraged to proceed, and propose to his master that the affair should be made the occasion of a grand pageant, which would in some small degree console the populace for the loss of an interesting execution. He devoted all his wonderful talents to the elaboration of its details. The letters were to be placed in caskets of similar size and shape, but one golden, and the other of lead, and were to be exposed in a public place in full sight of the people when the prisoner was led in to make his momentous choice. Immediately the choice was made, Kadir was to depart with his guards on the fleetest of steeds, and the soldiers were forbidden to return on any pretext until the stronghold of the most distant and loyal Governor was reached. An hour after they had started, when recall would be impossible, the remaining casket was to be opened in the presence of the populace, and the result of Kadir's choice be published by the royal herald.

"It will be very interesting," said the King, "especially if I manage so that I am not sure myself in which casket each letter is."

The plan, in fact, pleased everybody, most of all the Grand Vizier, poor Kadir's father, for he loved his son all the more now that the young man was in misfortune.

"All will be well now," he said, and he gave the Master of the Royal Circuses his large reward with great willingness.

Then he sent by his most trusty slave a message to the Princess Laila, telling her what was to come, and humbly suggesting a plan by which she might save her presumptuous lover from death.

"When the Great King, your father, O most illustrious Princess, has arranged the caskets," he said, in his message, "he will put them away in the royal treasury, where none may enter except the King and thyself. Seek them out, and for love of the young man Kadir, see that the letter which spares his life is left in the golden casket; and means shall be taken to acquaint the prisoner with knowledge of the same."

Then, when the messenger had returned with news that the Princess of the Beautiful Eyes had listened, the old man went to his bed, and slept peacefully.

But on the morning of the decision, a fear arose in his mind, for he knew that the Princess loved his son with a great affection, and it was not likely that she would bear with complacency the thought of her beloved becoming wedded to another.

However, he sent the message to Kadir that he must choose the golden casket, and waited anxiously for the decision of the matter.

The decision was arranged for the day of the Great Feast, and on that day every man resorted to the great square of the city, where a temporary throne had been arranged under a golden dais for the King, and in front of it, surrouned by thousands of seats in tiers, an open space, in the midst of which the two caskets were arranged on a black pedestal. The Princess Laila was present in her closed palanquin of carved ivory and gold, fashioned into a lattice-work, through which she could see everything that passed in the square.

Kadir glanced towards the lattice as he entered between his guards. Then he walked unhesitatingly to the pedestal and took the golden casket, amid the complete silence of the tiers and tiers of onlookers. Then, when he had mounted, with his guards, the fleetest steeds in the kingdom and disappeared, riding furiously, the royal minstrels played a selection of funeral and wedding marches alternately, during which the Princess's palanquin was carried back to the Palace, a message being taken to the Great King that his daughter had fainted.

The ceremony went on unchanged, however. The Grand Vizier could barely disguise his feverish excitement. His cheeks were blanched, and when, after the expiration of an hour, told by the public sundial in the square, the King gave the command for him to walk to the pedestal and open the casket which had been left, his knees trembled with mingled fear and hope.

Not a sound was heard as he advanced and threw open the casket. The herald stood ready to announce its contents to the excited thousands. They watched the old man eagerly as he looked within. But the official roll which they were anxiously expecting him to draw forth from it did not appear. Then the herald drew nearer to the Grand Vizier, and receiving word from him, blew his trumpet and proclaimed:

"O King, live for ever, the casket is empty."

The King waxed wroth, and swore that, after all, there would be boiling in oil. He would have recalled the exile and his guards, but Kadir was far beyond recall on his journey to the distant governor.

And what message he bore in his hand, whether of life or death, only the Princess knew.

A Bad Bank.—About the close of the war Jesse P. Ayer accumulated a considerable number of bills, amounting in all to about $300. Those were dangerous times, and he wanted to put the bills where they would be absolutely safe from thieves, fire or anything else. So he went into the woods and bored a hole into a big red-oak tree. He wrapped the bills up in a piece of paper and stuck them into the tree. He then made a stout stob, and driving it into the hole, sawed it off close. Some time afterward, when all had quieted down, he went to get his money. The stob was in place just as he left it, and after considerable trouble he removed it. Then he raked for his money. But he didn't find it. He only found a portion of the paper it was wrapped in and some remains of paper and money. In some unknown manner nearly all had been destroyed.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

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Our Young Folks.

BOBBIE'S FIRST TIGER.

BY C. M. B.

"OH, won't you take me with you, mamma? I do so want to see the circus and the strange wild beasts."

"No, dear; there is only room in the carriage for one child this evening, and it is Lucy's turn to have a treat. We will tell you all about the show, and you must be my own good little girl, and amuse Bobbie and Ethel in the garden for awhile, as nurse is busy."

Mabel choked back some tears as she watched the carriage drive off, for she was very much disappointed. A traveling menagerie had come to the neighboring town, and Mrs. Grant had promised to let the children have a peep at it; but now she was left at home, and Lucy would see the tiger, and the eagle, and all the other birds and beasts.

"Come, Mabbie, and play with us," cried her wee brother and sister, trying to pull her after them to the garden; but Mabel's head was full of the wild animals, and she fetched her pretty natural history book, sitting down with it under the shadow of an apple-tree near the shrubbery.

"Let us look at the pictures too," begged the children, scrambling up beside her; and Mabel began to turn over the pages slowly.

"There, Bobbie, that's a lion. See his great mane and his fierce eyes! They say there is a spike at the end of his tail, and when he lashes himself with it he makes himself more and more angry. How big his mouth is!"

"And is this a big cat, Mabbie?"

"That's a tiger, silly! Don't you think him pretty, with his yellow and brown coat?"

"And his whiskers: just like pussy. Who is this man with the gun?"

"The gentleman who killed the leopard lying at his feet. Bom-bou-nel was his name; but the creature bit him terribly, and crushed up his arm and his face first."

"How dreadful, Mabbie! Read about this other picture now."

"It was a little child the tiger carried off to eat, and he thought it was a big cat, and stroked its neck so softly that it grew quite gentle, and did the baby no harm."

"Do you think it's all true, sissie?" asked Bob; but Ethel whispered coaxingly—

"Let us go and play in the garden. I'm tired of the pictures."

Mabel did not listen to her; she was too interested in her book. Ethel got down and began to gather daisies, but Bobbie stood still. Presently Mabel raised her head.

"Oh! oh! what's that?"

Two yellow eyes were gleaming at her out of the shrubs, and a tawny head came forward slowly, slowly.

Mabel did not know anything about fainting, but her head went round, and her eyes grew dim and blind. Ethel ran screaming to her side; and their cries seemed to rouse the tiger.

He came creeping out, with his tail curled in and his hind legs gathered up. Mabel knew he was going to spring, and then everything grew dark, and she knew no more for a moment.

When she looked up again, Bobbie—little Bobbie—was in the tiger's paws, and the creature was growling like an angry cat over a mouse.

The girls shrieked so loudly that it seemed to enrage the beast, and then Bobbie's voice came to them in a smothered way.

"Don't cry so, sissie—I'll stroke him. He hasn't hurt me yet. Oh, get papa!"

She had not thought of that before, but now set off to run to the house, with Ethel close behind. But oh, where would Bobbie be when she got back? and could she ever reach the house? Her legs felt so weak.

"Papa, papa, the tiger's got Bobbie! Come quick, quick!"

But papa was not near enough to hear her for a few minutes, which seemed like hours. He did not wait to do anything but catch up his gun and call to the gardener, and together they all ran towards the shrubbery.

The great yellow beast had Bobbie between his paws, and the child's hand was stroking the glossy neck with soft baby fingers.

"Keep back, and be still," said Mr. Grant hoarsely. "If you make a noise it may enrage the tiger; and I must try to take careful aim."

But his hand trembled so that he could scarcely find the trigger, for he knew that a little mistake might cause him to shoot the boy, and not the wild beast.

Bang, bang! The tiger gave a great leap into the air, and fell back dead. Mr. Grant sank down on the grass, white and helpless, and it was the gardener who ran to pick up Bobbie.

Just then the sound of wheels was heard on the avenue, and Mrs. Grant drove up towards them. Her husband hurried to meet her, for fear she should be too much frightened.

"Oh, is that you, Edward?" cried Mrs. Grant. "The people at the show have lost a tiger, which is running loose, and somehow I could not help being uneasy about the children, so here I am sooner than you expected. What has happened? Why do you look so white?"

He began to tell her about the tiger, but before he had got very far she had jumped down, and was running to the garden.

"My boy is killed—my Bobbie is dead!" she cried.

But a small voice answered her out of her gardener's arms.

"Mammie, mammie, I'm here all safe; and oh, I'm sorry papa shot the tiger, for I know I could have made a pet of him!"

Oh, what laughing and crying there was then, and how everyone hugged the hero of the day, until they found that his arm and side were bruised and sore, so that it hurt him to be squeezed.

The manager of the show came when he heard what had happened, and Mr. Grant paid him for the loss of his tiger, though I think its owner himself had to pay something afterwards for not securing his wild beasts properly.

Anyhow, the beautiful skin was dressed and stuffed, and you may see it some day, when you visit Mrs. Grant, standing in the hall, with its yellow eyes glittering still, as brightly as glass can make them.

Bobbie is a tall officer now, and has killed many a strange creature in India and Ceylon, but he always stands for a long while before that stuffed beast when he comes home; and when his brother-officers tell stories of their adventures he waits until they have quite finished, and then says quietly—

"All that is very wonderful, no doubt; but were any of you fellows ever in the jaws of a tiger? and did you get out of them without so much as a broken bone, as I did twenty years ago?"

SOPHY AND HER FRIEND.—Sophy had been playing in the corn field all the morning, and had got very hot and tired. She took off her hat and laid herself down on a soft piece of grass to rest.

She was nearly asleep when she heard a voice say,

"Sophy! Sophy!"

She turned quickly, and raised herself on her elbows, and looked up, saw her friend Letty, who had a great hoop with her, which she had been bowling in the lane which led to the house where Sophy lived.

Letty threw herself on the ground also, and standing the hoop up, looked through it at Sophy.

"You look as if you were framed by the hoop," said Sophy. "What a nice one it is! But it's hot weather for hoops, isn't it?"

"It's hot weather for doing anything," replied Letty; "only it made the way seem shorter if I brought the hoop to drive."

"Yes. I've been in the corn field all the morning doing nothing but picking up a few ears of corn, and I'm so hot that I don't know what to do."

"Oh," said Letty, "I'm so sorry. I came on purpose to ask you to take me to your corn-field, and you have already been there."

Sophy looked through the hoop at Letty.

"Oh, that will not matter," she said; "I can go there again this afternoon. Mother wanted me to wait till nearly five o'clock, because she said it would be cooler. But I would go in the morning."

"Your mother was right," replied Letty.

"Yes," said Sophy.

The two girls still looked at each other through the hoop.

"What shall we do?" said Letty.

"It must be nearly dinner-time," said Sophy, springing up. "You shall come in and have dinner, and see what mother says."

So Sophy and Letty went into the house, taking the hoop with them; and Sophy's mother said that after dinner they had better rest in a cool room, and go to the fields at five o'clock. And at five o'clock the two girls started. They found the corn being piled into the great wagons and the children gleaning.

"Why, they will finish carrying this evening," said Letty.

"Yes, I suppose they will," said Sophy. "We will sit in a shady place and watch them."

"Yes; it is still too hot to glean: and it will be very nice to see the wagons loaded, and the last wagon go off in triumph."

G.

HORSIRA.—A hobby is apt to be an expensive palfrey. It sometimes costs piles of money to groom and run him, and he seldom wins purses and cups enough to pay for his keep and entrance fees. Nevertheless, as man, in the absence of some special object to engage his thoughts, is almost sure to get into mischief, it is better for him to push ahead on any sort of a hobby that is not vicious, than to lounge through life in a slipshod, desultory way, without definite aim or purpose. No matter what other praiseworthy hobbies a man may have, he should make Conscience the prime favorite of his moral stud. Give it the rein freely; never curb it or check it, but go with it in whatsoever direction its divine instinct would guide you, and over every Hill of Difficulty, through every Slough of Despond, it shall take you safely to the "narrow house"—which shall seem to you as the House Beautiful—at your journey's end.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Chinese botanists can grow oaks in thimbles.

Cycles appears to be unknown in some parts of Brazil.

Greek infantrymen were always trained in stone-throwing

Swords were manufactured in England in the fifth century.

It is estimated that English shops can turn out 6400 locomotives a year.

The Singalese, after extracting the honey from the bee, eat the insect itself

Wheel theft has been added to horse stealing as the unforgiveable crime in Texas.

In Ireland there are 28 packs of harriers, 20 of foxhounds and 6 packs of staghounds.

Brandy is an invention of the French, and has been known to the world for nearly 600 years.

Macaulay said that no man need ask for better food than plain roast beef and baked potatoes.

The Roumanian crown is made of metal from the cannon captured from the Turks at Plevna in 1877.

Oriental gardeners produce "changeable roses," which are white in the shade and blood-red in the sunlight.

Some of the little bronze images of Chinese deities are supposed to have an antiquity of 2000 years before Christ.

In the military schools of Germany, French is being dropped from the course of instruction and English substituted.

Dr. Theodore R. Timby, inventor of the revolving turret first used on the historic Monitor, is living at Chicago at the age of 72.

The ocean is more productive than the land. An acre of good fishing ground will yield more food than an acre on the best farm.

The carrier pigeon has just been turned to a curious use in Russia. It is to convey negatives of photographs taken in a balloon.

An insurance authority states that prohibitionist policy holders average from four to five years longer life than any other class.

The banner natural gas year for the United States was 1898, when its product reached the value of $22,000,000. Last year the product was worth less that $15,000,000.

A Topeka dealer is dodging the new playing card tariff law by renting cards for as much rent as the cards are worth and if you don't bring them back it isn't his fault.

Temperance work in the English Army has made rapid progress in the past few months. Within six months or less the number of branches of the Army Temperance Association has more than doubled.

It is generally supposed that the oyster is an exceptionally nutritious article of food, but chemical analysis shows that the nutritious value of a quart of solid oyster meats is equal only to that of two-thirds of a pound of bread.

A Louisville lawyer, one of the ablest men at her Bar, who served on the Bench and is a brother of one of the United States Supreme Court Justices, went to the city almshouses a few days ago as a last hope of curing himself of the liquor habit.

A party to consist of 500 families of the Pullman strikers will, it is said, establish a single-tax colony near Blakely, Baldwin county, Ala., where they have purchased 3000 acres of land. The location selected is about 10 miles from the Gulf of Mexico.

A Chinaman's pigtail is said to have caused the death of its owner at Northfield, Ore., a few days ago. The Chinaman fell from a railroad train and rolled clear of the wheels, but his long braid swished around and caught in the brake, and he was dragged under the wheels and killed.

MAGIC.—In his autobiography the late Sir W. Siemens relates an amusing anecdote. An Arab called his attention to the fact that, when at the top of the Pyramid of Cheops, when he raised his hand with fingers outspread, an acute singing note was heard, the sound ceasing as soon as he let his hand fall. "I found his assertion," he writes, "to be true. As soon as I raised one of my own fingers above my head, I felt a pricking in the fingers. That this could be caused only by an electrical phenomenon was proved by the slight electric shock felt on trying to drink out of a wine-bottle. So I wrapped a full bottle of wine that I had with me in damp paper, and thus converted it into a Leyden bottle, which was soon strongly charged with electricity by the simple device of holding it above my head. The Arabs had already become distrustful on seeing small lightnings, at it were, issue from the wine-bottles held up by myself and companions, and now held a brief consultation. Suddenly, at a given signal, each of my companions was seized by the guide who had led him up, who now tried to force him to go down again. I myself was standing at the very top of the pyramid, when the sheik of the Arabs came to me and told me, through my interpreter, that the Arabs had determined that we were at once to leave the pyramid, because we were practising magic, and it might damage their chance of their earning a living. On my refusing to obey orders, the sheik caught hold of my left hand. I had awaited this moment, and held up my right hand with the bottle in the attitude of a magician, afterwards lowering it slowly towards the point of the sheik's nose. When quite close to that feature, I felt a violent shock run through the bottle to my own arm, and was certain that the sheik must have received the equivalent. at any rate, he fell speechless on the stones, and a few anxious moments passed before he rose suddenly with a loud cry and sprang with long strides down the gigantic steps of the pyramid. The Arabs, seeing this, and excited by the sheik's constant cries of 'Magic, magic!' released my companions and followed their leader, leaving us complete masters of the pyramid."

IN RUSSIA.—An English resident in Russia describes the merchant of that country as knowing the pecuniary value of what is called "a good position in society." Usually he has a fine house and gorgeous furniture, and gives sumptuous feasts; but he really sighs for the simple life which he formerly led as a peasant. "The corporation of a country town honored me with a dinner," writes the resident, "and I slept at the house of a rich merchant of the place. The old gentleman took me, according to custom, into every room of his house, and showed me all the expensive property he had stuffed it with—pictures, furniture, ornaments, clocks, carpets, silver and gold. I was called on to exhaust my vocabulary of admiration. Among the rest he showed me his own bed-room, furnished with a very fine bed, and he asked me the invariable question, 'What do you think of that?' I duly admired it. I thought it magnificent. It was covered with blue silk and lace. 'Yes,' he said—'that cost a deal of money; but'—with a wink such as nobody but a Russian knows how to give—'I don't sleep atop of that bed. I sleep under it!"

THE PIANO—Next to books there is no inanimate thing in the house that can produce so much profitable pleasure as a piano. A library and a piano are symbols of high cultivation. These two spread that nobler banquet where the soul is fed, without fear of gluttony or dissipation. As books bring into our daily circle, as familiar companions, the noblest spirits that ever wrought on earth, and permit us to rear our children under the influence of the noblest natures, so the piano, with simple incantations, brings up from their sleep the noble brotherhood of song, and persuades them to dwell among us.

A YEAR'S subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would be an appropriate and very useful present to a friend.

A CITY OF DOLL-MAKERS.—At Sonneberg, which is in the heart of Germany, all the inhabitants are in the business of doll-making. Twelve thousand people are all more or less doll-makers, and among them they produce no fewer than twenty-million dozen doll-babies every year. It is hard to realize what an enormous quantity that is. After this it sounds odd to say that in Sonneberg it takes eighty persons to make a doll. Yet such is the fact. In Germany labor is subdivided as much as possible, or, in other words, a doll-maker does one little thing from year's end to year's end; and thus it comes about that it takes eighty people to make a doll. Little boys, when they enter the Sonneberg factories, spend a long time in painting nails on dolls' fingers, for which they are paid about two shillings a week. Some girls do nothing but fill bodies with chopped hay or straw. Men pass their lives in painting dolly's lashes and brows, and others in putting rouge on her cheeks. So it is with other parts of a doll; each is done by one person. The dolls' wigs are made by girls at Munich; and their eyes come from a little town only a few miles from Sonneberg, and are made by men in their own homes. Endless are the varieties of dolls. Every Sonneberg manufacturer has about one hundred designs. Taste varies; and, besides, in exporting dolls, many things have to be taken into consideration. A wax doll cannot be sent to a very hot or a very cold country. In the former it would melt, in the latter crack. Then, if a doll has rubber-joints, she cannot be sent a long sea-voyage, for on arrival at her destination she would be armless and legless. A sea-journey also takes the curl out of dolly's hair and the starch out of her clothes. Fashion, moreover, is constantly changing. A doll which everybody buys one season is not looked at the next.

THERE are twelve persons in one hundred, according to Bleuler and Lehman, who have the faculty of hearing colors, and five hundred cases in all have been well authenticated. A very curious illusion of these people is that up to the moment of being questioned they are convinced that this faculty of attributing color to sounds is natural, normal, common to everyone, and it is not without uneasiness that they learn the contrary. The faculty is most common among the cultured. In considering its origin, M. Alfred Binet suggests that perhaps some importance should be attached to the little reading books in which the letters are colored for children.

A POPULAR DELUSION.—It is an error to suppose that a man belongs to himself. No man does. He belongs to his wife, or his children, or his relations, or his creditors, or to society in some form or other. It is for their especial good and behalf that he lives and works; and they kindly allow him to retain a percentage of his gains to administer to his own pleasures or wants. He has his body, and that is all, and even for that he is answerable to society. In short, society is the master, and man is the servant; and it is entirely as society proves a good or a bad master, whether the man turns out a good or bad servant.

A DETROIT MAN the other day received a sudden invitation from a Kentucky friend of his to come down and join a hunting party about to start out for the mountains. The Detroit man wanted to go, but he didn't know what kind of game was to be the object, so he sent this telegram for instructions: "All right. What shall I bring?" A few hours ater he received this reply: "Corkscrews; we have the rest."

A BICYCLIST'S WILL.—Those who are fond of bicycling will be interesting in a curious will left by a Danish lawyer named Nikolson, in which he bequeathed the whole of his property to trustees to be employed in the purchase of bicycles for the use of children attending school. Part of the money was intended to go towards paying a teacher to train the boys in bicycle-riding.

TOKENS.

BY W. W. L.

I send you love and trust,
From this Atlantic isle,
Where winter's blight to spring-time's kiss,
With blossoms soon will smile.

I send you hope and faith,
From memories sacred song;
Hold fast to them, oh dearest love,
Through days that seem so long.

WEATHER-WISDOM.

WHEN the year was remembered by its saint's-days, there was a prophecy attached to many of the days that was well known as that about St. Swithin's Day. Hoar-frost on the first of May foretold a good harvest, rain on the eighth day of May a wet harvest; and the eighth day of June was equally unlucky; while the twenty-seventh of June and the tenth of July were supposed to govern the weather for seven weeks. The weather in one month was supposed to have its counterpart in a later month. Rain in October brought wind in December, frost and snow in October, mild winds in January. One can understand how easily these prognostications were forgotten when they were falsified, on the principle observed by Bacon—"Men mark when they hit, and never when they miss."

Many of the old superstitions were even more far-fetched and silly than those we have noted—as, for example, the belief that a windy Christmas Day brought a good fruit year, while wind on the twenty-sixth of December boded ill for the fruit.

There is a strong drift of opinion in favor of dry rather than wet seasons, as in the sayings "A dry year never starves itself" and "A dry summer never begs its bread."

Characteristic weather for the different seasons is liked best. Thus frost and snow are welcomed in January. The Scotch assertion, "A snaw year, a braw year," is accepted on all hands. February is believed to be propitious only when it "fills the dyke either with black or with white." A mild February is distrusted—"When gnats dance in February, the husbandman becomes a beggar." The winds of March, which make such havoc with the weakly, are regarded by the weather-student as a godsend. April must be cold and showery.

"A dry March, wet April, and cool May
Fill barn and cellar and bring much hay."

With the advent of May the weather-wise become divided; but the greater number like the month to be cold, breezy, and showery, but not too wet. June must be damp—"A dripping June brings all things into tune"—and warm to meet the husbandman's wish, but by the beginning of the last week it is time that the weather finely cleared up. August should be dewy, if it would preserve its character, with one dash of rain as the corn is filling

After the gathering in of harvest, the autumn months, according to weather lore, are prophetic of the winter following. Thus cold at Martinmas is supposed to precede a mild Christmas, and a green Christmas a white Easter.

Passing from the doubtful prognostications respecting the seasons and the monthly weather to the more familiar study of changes that take place from day to day, we get upon firmer ground at once; and there is no reason why a close observer, favorably situated and knowing the local conditions, should not from day to day and hour to hour foretell with a very respectable accuracy the changes that will ensue.

Sight and sound, cloud and air, plant and animal all contribute their story. Notwithstanding their powers of observation and reasoning, mankind are among the beings least susceptible to weather changes. The soldier may tell by his wounds or the bent laborer by his rheumatism when a change is at hand, but he is only receiving premonitions that come to many plants, nearly all animals, and some inanimate things.

The stone that has been quarried below the surface of the water gathers a sympathetic dampness when rain is approaching; the catgut cord, contracting and relaxing, sends the figure of a man or a woman outside the toy house when the day is likely to be wet or fine; the flowers open and close their petals earlier or later according to the promise of the weather, and give out their fragrance more freely when the moisture of the coming shower permeates the air; sea-weed feels the rain before it falls; the sow-thistle keeps its flowers open through the night when rain will fall during the following day, but contentedly closes them in fine weather; and the sensitive-plant shrinks before the rain.

The smoke is beaten down by the damp heavy air, instead of sending its slender column aloft. The crows come home early, tumbling as they fly, and linger near their nests before the rain, or fly home leisurely and high in the air in fine weather; while the robin whistles merrily on the topmost twig.

Animals and birds are restless as the rain approaches, often before we purblind mortals know of its coming; the peacock squalls discordantly, the parrot chatters uneasily, the silly barn-door fowls mope about in clusters, the crickets chirp their loudest, snakes and snails and other creeping disagreeable things are abroad while they may be before the rain falls; but the bees do not venture far from home—at least, so say all the weather-prophets who have made a study of these creatures.

We cannot believe all they say, because they assert that, when moles throw up fresh earth during a frost, a thaw will follow in forty-eight hours; and that is not true, as all well know who have kept an eye on these indefatigable miners during a six-weeks' frost.

When sheep or cattle turn tail to the wind, it is a sign of squalls; the ass hangs its ears and consoles itself with braying; the goat gambols, though why it should do so in joy of rain is a mystery; the dog eats grass and is more bowelishly inclined than is his wont; and the cat sneezes and sits with her back to the fire. If these signs are wrong or insufficient, then the weather-prophets have wasted a deal of time in collecting them.

CATERPILLARS IN PROCESSION.—The extensive pine forest which covers the dunes of Southwestern France, stretching from the "Bassin d'Arcachon" on the north for many miles southwards towards Biarritz, is the home of a curious caterpillar, of the same family as the silkworm. These insects possess a few interesting characteristics. They pass the winter in nests at the pine-tree top—very snug nests, woven around a bunch of pine needles, and large enough to accommodate a family of from fifty to two hundred.

Spring having arrived, each community leaves its winter home and prepares to set out into an unknown world. On leaving the nest, they form a procession in single file, each caterpillar in immediate communication with the one preceding and the one following it. In this manner they descend the tall pine and reach terra firma. From this habit they acquire the local name of "Chenille Processionnaire," or processional caterpillar. Their principal object now is to bury themselves in the sand; and to achieve this, some distance has often to be traversed before a spot suitable for the purpose can be found. Especially is this so when the pine-trees happen to be situated in the streets or gardens of Arcachon; and in such a case an interesting and rather amusing sight may be seen, when a procession consisting of some hundreds of the insects, and perhaps fifteen or sixteen yards in length, wends its way slowly along the road.

Let us detach two or three from the middle of the line—thus dividing it into two parties—and watch the result. The last of the foremost portion, feeling the loss of his neighbor, immediately stops, and this action is communicated all along the line until the vanguard is at a standstill. Meanwhile, the leader of the rear portion redoubles his speed, and in a short time has caught up to the foremost party, and the touch being communicated, the whole procession resumes the march with as little delay as possible. When a suitable place has been found, the party forms into a group, and by a gentle wriggling motion, digs a hole in the soft sand in which the chrysalis state is attained.

Care must be taken not to touch these caterpillars with the hand, as the hairs create a stinging rash on the skin. So poisonous, indeed, are they, that sensitive skins feel the rash during the spring, although unconscious of any direct contact with the insect.

In appearance, these caterpillars are of a dark brown or neutral color with orange-colored spots, and about an inch and a half in length. They are much disliked by the inhabitants of the towns and villages which they infest, who lose few opportunities of destroying them in large numbers.

UTILITY AND BEAUTY.—There is no conflict between utility and beauty, as some would have us think. Many things are useful that are not beautiful, but nothing can be beautiful, in the true sense, that is useless—that is, that fails to fulfil the purpose of its being. A house that is not fit to live in or a chair that cannot be sat upon can never be beautiful as a house or as a chair, whatever may be their pretensions. They may have beautiful decorations, but that is something apart from them, as a costume is apart from the one who wears it. Fitness is an element that beauty can never dispense with. It is quite true that there are some things the only purpose of which is to minister to the sense of beauty; but, if they do this, they can never be held to be useless; they have fulfilled their aim. It is this strict adaptation to its purpose which is so universal an element in the beauty of all external nature.

THEY STOOP TO CONQUER.—There are no tables in the houses of the Eskimo, and the women are therefore in the habit of placing everything on the floor. This causes them to do so much stopping that they would rather stoop than not; as to which Dr. Nansen, the Greenland explorer, tells an amusing story. A Danish lady had employed several Eskimo women to do some washing. Entering the wash house she saw them all bending over the washtubs that stood on the floor. To make them more comfortable she had some stools fetched and placed the tubs upon them. By-and by she looked in to see how they were getting on, and, to her astonishment, discovered the women standing on the stools and stooping still more laboriously over the tubs, which still remained on the floor.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Fur is the reigning favorite for trimmings, and feathers are much used. Royal ermine is to be very fashionable, and some of the very handsomest coats have revers, collars, cuffs and edges of that costly fur. Chinchilla is another favorite. Persian lamb is always popular.

For those who do not care for fur trimmings there is fine thread lace, ranging from a quarter to half a yard deep, and elaborately cut jets that glitter like diamonds. For colors, steel trimmings with deep fringes and fine designs in black net are effective.

The coat which gives promise of being more popular than all the others is well below the knee in length, but still not reaching to the bottom of the skirt. It is single breasted, fastening a trifle below the waist line on a single button. A vest, which can be either of fur or passementerie, has on either side great box-shaped revers or lapels, which lie well over the tops of the sleeves. A pointed cuff of velvet is edged with the trimming. The collar is very high and rolls up, flaring at the top.

A much shorter coat is double breasted, being fastened on the left side with two handsome jet clasps. All around the front and bottom is an edge of ostrich feather trimming. The broad turn over collar and wide revers are made of the same material, giving a most novel and chic effect. This coat, like all the others, is very full around the skirt.

Still another—this one being in a very effective combination of black and white—reaches to the knees, fitting the figure closely, and has a great deal of fulness in the skirts. The sleeves, which are extremely full, are of white moire, the upper part of each being draped to the elbow with accordion-plaited black chiffon. A deep cape collar of accordion-plaited chiffon is headed by a band of cut jet, and a jabot of chiffon extends quite to the waist in front, and has long pendants of cut jet glittering here and there in the folds. The high collar is of white moire, overlaid with jet and caught together in front with a bow of black moire ribbon. Of course it is a matter of taste whether the sleeves of this coat are the fancy ones described. Full velvet sleeves could be very effectively substituted.

Fur edgings and tails in Persian lamb, sable, mink and ermine are put on bonnets, cloth, silk and velvet gowns, and chiffon, silk and lace waists. Nothing is too light in texture or color for fur to be combined with it.

Ermine and sibeline are the fashionable furs of the season for trimmings. But astrakhan is, of course, always the classical thing, especially as it can be used for mourning costumes.

A beautiful sealskin jacket of the very latest design is lined with seal-brown satin and ornamented with seal buttons. Waistcoat of leopard skin, correspondingly lined. Newmarket shape of sealskin hat.

A reversible cape of the richest sable is lined with a beautiful brocade, the design being cherries and shaded leaves on a branch. Seal toque, with head and tail of sable.

A smart fur coat is of the new fur, caracal, which closely resembles astrakhan, but is as soft and pliable as velvet. The pattern is commended also for heavy rough clothes and the velvets, plushes and rich silks, which will be used much for visiting toilets, completed by skirts of black moire, velvet or crepon. The pattern, the "Asquam," has the usual seam in the back, and is fitted in front by single darts. The skirt flares considerably in the back seams, but is not so full as last season's umbrella skirt.

The muffs this winter are smaller than those of last year. Pretty shapes are to be bought, and smart ones can be made by deft fingers at home.

Some exquisite effects in jet garnitures were shown at the openings, many being imported by the houses showing them, though the general importers have high-class novelties in this line, as well as popular jet trimmings of all kinds. Noticed were:

Corsage trimmings of three bands, back and front, of painted black velvet, having draped strands or festoons of jet beads and fringe between. This almost covers a red satin waist, having black satin sleeves and skirt.

Cut jet and moire finished, peculiar shade and finish, bead band trimmings.

Band and Vandyke trimmings of open-work black silk embroideries that are used flatly.

Festooned strands of jet beads, having an ornament for each shoulder and the centre of the corsage, with cabochons, large nail-heads, in the ornaments, and with and without a "rain" fringe dropping from the festooned strands.

Collars of open-work Vandykes of beads and cabochons that cover the shoulders of a waist or cape.

Jet braces or suspenders in band and scroll effects.

Girdles of beads and cabochons with festoons and the long fringe aptly called "rain" fringe.

Sets of and single Vandykes for skirt and cape trimmings and tapering panels finished with fringe.

Narrow black lace edgings, knife plaited, after being jetted and headed with rows of jet beads.

From the extreme novelties in jet trimmings lately arrived, it would seem that by the spring we will again be trimming with all kinds of shaped pieces, which were first shown here last spring.

Odds and Ends.

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Gravy for Hashes, etc.—Break the bones of any cooked joint, and put them into a saucepan with any spare cuttings of meat you may have. Add a little pepper, salt, twelve allspice, one-half a head of celery and a bouquet of sweet herbs. Add sufficient water to cover it, and simmer for about two hours. Cut a small onion into slices, fry it in a little butter, add it to the gravity and let it boil fifteen minutes. Strain it into another stewpan, with two tablespoonfuls of walnut ketchup and a piece of butter rolled in flour; boil it up and it will be ready for your meat.

Chocolate Pudding.—Warm half a pint of milk, stir into it one-fourth pound of grated chocolate, and five ounces of crumbled sponge biscuits; stir all over the fire till dissolved, turn it into a basin, and leave till cool. Then mix in two ounces of caster sugar, and the beaten yolks of three eggs; whisk the whites to a froth, and mix them in. Pour the mixture into a buttered mold, and steam for one and a half hours. Stale bread can be used instead of sponge biscuits, if preferred. Serve the pudding with whipped cream, or chocolate sauce made with half a pint of milk, two ounces of chocolate, a little sugar and a flavoring of vanilla.

Small Birds Baked in Sweet Potatoes.—Have as many sweet potatoes of medium size as there are small birds. Boil them for one hour. Have the birds plucked, drawn and washed. Season them with salt and a little pepper and rub soft butter over them. Pare the sweet potatoes and cut a thin slice from each end. Now scoop out the centre of the potato, making a cavity large enough to hold the bird. Season the potato with salt and spread soft butter over the surface. Place the birds in the potatoes, which should be set on end in a shallow pan and in a hot oven for fifteen minutes. Arrange the potatoes on a hot dish and garnish with parsley. Serve very hot. To have this dish in perfection, butter must be used generously.

French Soup.—Take two dozen frogs' legs and pour over them lukewarm water, let them remain in it about five minutes, but not to cook, pour off the water and add equal quantities of milk and water sufficient to cover, cook moderately about half an hour, simmer a small onion chopped, in butter, add it to the soup with one quart of rich milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a little salt and pepper, and a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley; skim the legs from the soup, and remove the bones, put the meat into the tureen with a tablespoonful of thick cream and a little celery chopped very fine; pour in the hot soup and serve at once.

Cold Golden Buck.—Boil six eggs hard, and, after they have been in cold water for half an hour, peel and slice. Spread very thin slices of crustless bread with two cupfuls of dry, grated cheese, worked to a creamy paste, with half a teaspoonful of made mustard, a pinch of cayenne, a half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of cream, and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Cut the pieces of bread in half, lay on top of the cheese mixture the sliced eggs, and put the two halves of bread together—sandwich-wise—the mixture inside.

Beef Cakes.—Cut enough meat from your cold roast of beef to make two cupfuls when chopped fine with two small onions. Add to this two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup, one cup of fine bread crumbs, and a half cup of gravy. Mix well and mould into cakes, sprinkle with bread crumbs, and bake to a delicate brown. When cold lay the cakes on a large platter, pour a tablespoonful of mayonnaise over each, and stick a sprig of parsley in the centre of every cake.

Chocolate and Suet Pudding.—Mix one-fourth pound of grated chocolate and one-half pound of finely chopped suet; add one-fourth pound flour, and two ounces moist sugar. Beat up two eggs in a teacupful of milk, and stir them into the other ingredients. Pour the mixture into a buttered mould, and steam for one and a half hours. Serve with whipped cream or chocolate sauce.

Devilled Oysters.—Drain large oysters from the liquor; cover with vinegar, melted butter and a little cayenne and ground cloves; let them remain in this about half an hour; turn them occasionally; dip them then into beaten egg and fine cracker crumbs, salted, and fry in deep, hot fat.

Brown Sauce for Beef.—Remove nearly all the fat from the gravy in the pan and add to it enough hot water to make the required quantity, add browned flour dry until it is thick enough, then strain it and add to each cupful of the gravy half a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and one tablespoonful each of chopped pickles and capers.

Borax water is excellent for sponging either silk or wool goods, that are not soiled enough to need washing. In washing cashmere or wool goods, put a little borax in the water. This will cleanse them much more easily and better, without injury to the colors. Do not rub them on a board, but use the hands, and throw on a line without wringing. Press them on the wrong side, and they will look almost like new.

Always wash baby's mouth and gums every morning with water in which you have put a pinch of borax. It keeps the mouth fresh and sweet, and prevents that uncomfortable affection, a sore mouth, with which so many poor babies are troubled when their mouths are not kept perfectly clean.

Waste no money. Buy Salvation Oil, the only good liniment. It kills all pain.

WHAT HAPPENED.—"You told me that you were going to a spiritualistic seance last week," said young Hepburn to his chum, M'Cue, as they were playing a game of billiards at the club the other evening. "Did you go?" "Oh, yes," replied the other, as he leisurely proceeded to chalk his cue. "I went." "Well," said his friend inquiringly, "anything out of the way happen?" "Well, rather," said M'Cue. "We had spirit-rapping, and table moving, and other things besides, and the whole affair went off splendidly until the medium went into a trance, and then announced that he was the spirit of a man who had had his umbrella stolen, and that the thief was in the room." "And what happened then?" queried Hepburn. "Well," replied his chum, "the whole party made a dash for the door, and I was afraid that if I stayed behind I might be taken for the thief, so I retreated with the rest."

MENTAL CULTIVATION.—What slubbing, ploughing, digging, and harrowing is to land, thinking, reflecting, and examining is to the mind. Each has its proper culture; and as the land that is suffered to lie waste and wild for a long time will be overspread with brushwood, brambles, thorns, and weeds, which have neither use nor beauty, so there will not fail to sprout up in a neglected, uncultivated mind, a great number of prejudices and absurd opinions, which owe their origin partly to the soil itself, the passions and imperfections of the mind of man, and partly to those seeds which chance to be scattered in it by every kind of doctrine which the cunning of statesmen, the singularity of pedants, and the superstition of fools shall raise.

Grains of Gold.

The root of all discontent is self-love.

The more people know the less they brag about it.

It is a great mistake to suppose that money can buy happiness.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

Trials never make us weak. They only show us that we are weak.

Nothing pays a poorer interest on the investment than wearing a long face.

The man who talks much about himself will always have a tired audience.

The nation has no better friend than the mother who teaches her child to pray.

Undertake to prove that there is no hell and every mean man will throw up his hat.

One of the saddest sights upon which angels have to look is the life of a lonely child.

If there is any of the hog in a man the bristles will soon begin to show when he travels.

The man who is afraid to look his faults squarely in the face will never get rid of them.

Disdain hatreds; hear both sides, and delay judgment until reason has had time to resume her sway.

An industrious and virtuous education of children is a better inheritance for them than a great estate.

The man who repents on a sick bed from which he recovers, generally backslides before he pays his doctor's bill.

It never pays to argue about religion, to run in debt for luxuries, to cherish a fault-finding spirit, to starve the soul to feed the body.

Considering the unforeseen events of this world, we should be taught that no human condition should inspire men with absolute despair.

Coughing is at once stopped by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Keep it always in the house.

Femininities.

The Pueblo Indians have on their vast reservations 300,000 sheep, 250,000 horses and 300,000 goats.

There is a New York woman who is but 40 years old, and has been married eight times during that period.

Queen Margaret of Italy is to receive a costly gift. The Velooe Club, of Milan, has decided to give her a golden bicycle.

Hot water is better than cold to apply to a bruise or a sprain. It will relieve the pain and swelling sooner than other applications.

Mme. Tel Sono, member of an aristocratic family in Tokio, has become a lawyer, the first woman in Japan, it is said, to do so.

A law in Turkey, with penalties in case of infringement, declares it to be a great offense for Mohammedan women to be photographed.

"You have a bad cold," he said. "I have," she replied huskily; "I am so hoarse that if you attempted to kiss me I couldn't even scream."

The girl whose eyes are dazzled by an engagement ring cannot be expected to see many faults in the river. For the time it may be said she is stone blind.

A young London lady advertises to take out dogs for airing and to attend to their meals and toilets for the modest remuneration of 50 to 75 cents a week, or, if several dogs, a reduction is made.

The Mikado of Japan has recently issued a decree allowing a Japanese woman to lead, if she chooses, a single life. Hitherto, if unmarried after a certain age, a husband was selected for her by law.

Mrs. Strongmind: "If women would only stand shoulder to shoulder they would soon win the suffrage." Dr. Gulfy: "But, madam, that is something they can't do with the present styles in sleeves."

At the time of the Flood the women of Babylon were arrayed in headgear and dresses almost the same as the styles now fashionable. This is proved by engraved stones and monuments stored in the British Museum.

Through the zealous efforts of Mme. Henri Schmal, editress of the organ of the French New Woman, a bill has been approved by a committee of the French Chamber, giving women full control over the product of their personal industry.

Prince Edward of York's first carriage has a new wrinkle in baby wagons. It is upholstered in dark green morocco, with hair cushions, pneumatic tires for the wheels, and is so constructed that the infant can recline or ride with face or back to his nurse.

An up-town lady has found a new use for dogs. One muddy day lately she was seen in the street with a parcel in one hand, an umbrella in the other and an Irish terrier holding the trail of her dress in his teeth. He never let the dress touch the ground.

A band of women robbers has been discovered in Paymago, Spain. They met once a month in a cave on the outskirts of the town to plan burglaries, and here they had a full stock of burglars' tools and about 15,000 francs' worth of plunder. They usually worked in men's attire.

Miss Gra e French, a Sunday-school teacher and social favorite in Brooklyn, N. Y., who married a Chinese laundryman a couple of years ago, against the wishes of her parents, has returned to the latter, and her husband, Mr. Lee, advertises that he will not be responsible for her debts, etc.

Denmark has a novel insurance society. Only girls are admitted as members. Each member pays a small sum yearly, beginning at the age of 18. If a member marries, she forfeits all her rights; if she remains single, she receives a pension at the age of 40. Some wait until 40, get the pension and then marry.

Masculinities.

Many suits of armor worn in the fourteenth century weighed 175 pounds each.

There are now in Paris over one thousand American girl and women art-students.

In the reign of Louis XIV. the hats of the ladies were two feet high and four wide.

Pale lines on the hand indicate a revengeful disposition, intensified by long fingers and a short thumb.

Workers in the spinning mills of Japan labor twelve hours a day, and have in that time only one hour for meals.

M. Dvrkrutsky, a Bohemian tailor in Paris, has invented a plan for making pantaloons so that they cannot bag at the knees.

Miss Frances E. Willard says that good cooking is essential to human happiness, while bad cooking has driven thousands of men to drink.

Mrs. Placid: "I suppose you have given up piano playing since your husband died?" Young widow: "All except the 'Black Key Mazourka.'"

An Indian girl, daughter of a Winnebago, of Nebraska, is one of the brightest students in the graduating class at Smith College this term.

Mr. Flim: "What is there about these long-haired musicians that attracts you women so?" Mrs. Grim: "Just think how easy a long-haired man is to manage."

A Frenchman, M. Grevelle, is the founder of a community in the mountains of Auvergne which has as its object a return to the customs of primitive man.

Jolliboy: "I suppose that when your wife caught you flirting with Miss Gofast she was speechless with amazement?" Talkerly: "Oh, no, she wasn't! You don't know my wife."

William Sloan Green, who was lately down with the measles, at his home in Swazey, near Marion, Ind., is all right again, and says he hasn't felt as well for 20 years. Willie is aged 108.

"Keep that physician in attendance on our family!" exclaimed Mrs. Purvis New; "never!" "Has he killed anybody?" "No; but he had the impertinence to say that Mr. New's blood is impoverished."

An Indian in Madeira, Cal., has established a bad precedent by killing a doctor who agreed to cure his wife and did not do so, but who yet collected his fee—took the man's horse—for professional services.

"I had to be away from school yesterday," said Tommy. "You must bring an excuse," said the teacher. "Who from?" "Your father." "He ain't no good at making excuses; ma catches him every time."

E. W. Dunn, who has passed 50 years out of doors on the Pacific coast, and is one of the most extensive collectors of pine cones in that region, says, though he is now more than four-score, he recently climbed trees 125 feet high.

The German Emperor is exceedingly partial to horseback riding. In the course of last winter ten handsome animals were trained in the royal stables at Potsdam for his use. His favorite color in a horse is said to be brown or sorrel.

W. S. B. O'B. Robinson, who has just been elected Judge of the Superior Court in North Carolina, is said to be the first Roman Catholic to hold a State office of any kind in North Carolina, where there are, perhaps, fewer of his fellow-churchmen than in any other State in the Union.

While driving into Montclair, N. J., recently, a resident, named Scott, was stopped by two negroes who caught hold of his horse's head and demanded his cash. Scott, thrusting his hand in his pocket and withdrew it, and pointing it at the negroes said, "I'll give you just two seconds to git." They got in less. The deadly weapon he pointed was a pearl-handled pocket knife.

Humorous.

THE NEW RULER.

A change has come over the order of things,
We scarcely know what we're about,
The usual drift has appeared to take wings,
And knocked our authority out;
No wonder we feel ourselves quite in the shade,
And kind of upset in a way,
The house has a ruler that must be obeyed—
The baby who came yesterday.

The most ill-tempered man on earth—The one who could provoke a smile.

The cabman is about the only one who can drive his customers away and keep them too.

The man who plants a birch tree near a school-house, little knows what he is conferring on posterity.

Why is the letter "o" the most charitable letter?—Because it is found oftener than any other in "doing good."

She: "I honestly believe the love-making on his part is real." He: "I shouldn't wonder; I hear that her diamonds are genuine."

"John," said the stingy grocer, "willful waste makes woful want. The next time you take the flies out of the sugar barrel brush their legs."

Mrs. Quizly: "Do you think you can trust your husband?" Mrs. Dogly: "Trust him! Don't I let him take Fido out for an airing every day?"

Hanks: "Did you hear about the accident down at the railroad station?" "No. What was it?" "The agent gave two civil answers in succession."

"Do you really care for Harry?" asked the postmaster of his daughter. "Yes, papa," replied the maiden softly. "Harry belongs to the first-class mules."

Young bride: "Oh, Arthur, don't; you shouldn't kiss me before all those girl." Bridegroom: "All right, my love; I will go and kiss them all first, if you insist."

A man will unblushingly comb his hair over a bald spot on the top of his head, and yet expect a fruiterer to put his smallest apples in the top layer of a box.

"She has given up spiritualism since she married." "Because her husband objected to it, I suppose?" "Yes, for whenever she went to a table rapping he began to get messages from his first wife."

"Johnny, Johnny," said the minister, as he met an urchin one Sunday afternoon carrying a string of fish. "Do these belong to you?" "Ye-e-s, sir; you see that's what they got for chasing worms on Sunday."

The doctor: "My dear Miss Olddear, in your condition it won't do to go to the ball to-night with a thin dress on. You will be almost certain to catch something."

Miss O.: "That's what I'm going for."

Winterbloom: "I want you to see my babies." Featherstone: "All right. I should like to very much. When shall I come?" Winterbloom: "Come around about one o'clock in the morning. They are liveliest then."

"I know I've got a vein of poetry in me, sir," confidently asserted the young man to the editor, "and all I want is a chance to bring it out. What would you suggest, sir?" "I think you had better see a doctor and have it lanced."

"Mamma," said Tommy, wistfully, "if I'm a very good boy will Santa Claus bring me a lot of things Christmas?" "Yes, dear," said mamma. "I wonder," reflected Tommy, "whether I could really have more fun with them things Chrismas or by being bad right along."

"How is it, Mr. Brown," said the mill owner to the farmer, "that when I came to measure those five bails of apples I bought from you I found them nearly a barrel short?" "That's very strange, for I put them up in some of your own flour barrels." "Ahem! You did, eh? Well, perhaps, I made a mistake. Fine weather, isn't it?"

ALGERIAN CUSTOMS.

THERE is little courtship, as we understand it, among the Algerian Arabs. In the towns a middleman is necessary for marriages, as for the distribution of tea, sugar, and tobacco. He goes from house to house inspecting the marriageable girls, and then carries his reports of their beauty or other qualifications to the parents of the marriageable young men. The matter thus resolves itself into one of arrangement between the parents of the respective parties, the chief question being the amount of the girl's dowry. A present of fritters and honey-cakes from the bridegroom to the bride is a sign that the preliminaries are settled, and that the marriage will duly take place. If the young man is wealthy he adds to the fritters and confectionery, cosmetics, henna, and other materials for the enhancement of the young woman's physical charms.

During the five or six days previous to the marriage the girl is subjected to a course of washing, shampooing, and general decoration, that can hardly fail when the time comes to make her a very presentable object. On the wedding day, in the evening, the parents on both sides entertain their respective friends at a great feast. The bride, as may be supposed, is the chief attraction to those in her father's house. She is viewed and complimented on her appearance, and afterwards the guests form a procession—the men in front and the women behind—and march through the streets towards the house of the bridegroom, to the sound of musical instruments. The women, including the bride, are all scrupulously veiled, and each carries a lighted candle. The young man has by this time finished eating, and in accordance with his duty, has seated himself on the cushions in the nuptial chamber. Hither the relations and friends of the bride conduct the girl. They take off her cloak, turn up her sleeves to the elbow, leaving her bare, henna-stained forearms exposed to view, set her hands akimbo in her sides, and throw a light veil over her. In this attitude she is led to the bridegroom, to the accompaniment of more tambour music. He opens the door, takes her by the hand, and, having shut the door, makes her sit by him on the cushions; after which he lifts her veil, and for the first time looks upon his wife's face. The lady says not a word to her husband until he has made her a present, either of jewelry or gold pieces.

The next day there is a great deal of fritter-making in the new establishment, for distribution among the various friends and relations on both sides.

The ceremony among the Kabyles is more interesting because of its comparative resemblance to the customs of the old Greeks and Romans, and even to those which still prevail in sequestered parts of France. Here it is the girl's father who exacts a wedding portion, a sum about eight pounds, for which the bridegroom has generally to rely upon the advances of his friends. Often, too, the young man has not a house for his bride, in which case his friends set to work and build one—no very difficult matter. On the wedding day the bride is led through the villages in the neighborhood, mounted on a mule, and escorted by friends and relations, who shout and fire guns again and again. The various householders hasten forth to offer her a sieve full of beans, nuts, or dried figs. Of these she takes a handful, which she kisses and then replaces in the sieve. All the offerings are collected in sacks by the old women of the procession, as contributions to the young people's larder. At the bridegroom's house the girl's hands are washed with liquid butter. Then they give her some fresh eggs, which she breaks on the mule's head and inside the unhappy animal's ears; thereby it is believed counter-acting any evil designs against her and her husband's happiness. Before entering the house she drinks milk, fresh and sour, and also water, and scatters over his shoulder a handful of barley, wheat, and salt, for the good of the family. The husband then approaches her and fires a pistol above her head to signify that thenceforward he has the power of life and death over her. Not infrequently he makes the symbol even more emphatic by firing into her headdress and setting her aflame. This done, little remains except for the youth to lift the lady in his arms and carry her bodily in his house.

The Algerian Arabs inter their dead almost as soon as the breath has left their bodies. They have good authority for this in Holy Writ. "Hasten to bury your dead, in order that, if they are virtuous, they may the more quickly enjoy eternal happiness, and if they have died in sin you may the sooner get quit of creatures condemned to hell fire."

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THE SKILL OF SAVAGES.

THERE are few terms more difficult to define than that of "savage." Originally applied to people living in woods (Latin silva a wood), it came to be associated with cannibalism and a total absence of any form of culture. As the knowledge of primitive people increased, however, it was seen that these generalisations were unsound; and it is now customary to apply the term loosely to any people to whom the ordinary arts of civilization are unknown. Thus it is that authorities on savagery seem much more at home in telling us what the state does not imply than what it does; there seems to be hardly a single positive characteristic which applies to all savages alike. As a matter of fact, though savages of course represent the lowest stage of human culture, it is truly instructive to note the high degree of excellence they attain in such primitive arts as they employ. Let us glance at these arts in the order of their importance.

With man, as with other animals, the first question is how to sustain life, and it is in answering this that the ingenuity of the uncivilized man is most conspicuous. Accustomed to lifelong observation of the habits of wild animals, and living under conditions eminently favorable to the quickening of all the bodily senses, he attains a degree of skill in the chase far in advance of that of his more cultured descendant. Take, for instance, the people inhabiting the interior of Brazil. All travelers agree that the Botocudo hunter knows every sign of birds or beast. The remains of berries and pods show him what creature has passed by a certain spot, and approximately how long since; he will infallibly distinguish the track of an armadillo from that of a snake or tortoise, and follow it to its burrow. He is a skilful imitator of birds and beasts, and by this means will bring them within reach of his poisoned arrow. Creeping noiselessly through the underwood, he will go long distances through the trackless forest, finding his way back by the position of the sun, and twigs which he has bent back for way-marks.

In the pursuit of game the savage is a master of the art of deception. Deer-stalking among the Dogrib Indians is managed by a skilful counterfeit of the animal. Two hunters walk together, the man behind with bent body, the one in front carrying a stag's head. The legs of the men serve very well for the fore and hind legs of the animal. In this way the hunters get almost in the midst of a herd of deer before these are aware of danger. The ostrich is hunted in a similar way by the Bushmen of South Africa; and the Eskimos sometimes come to close quarters with seals by dressing themselves in seal-skins and dexterously mimicking the style of swimming and "flopping" so characteristic of the animal. The Indians of the Central Plains (North America) get amongst a herd of bison by covering their bodies with the skin of the prairie-wolf; whilst, by the Hottentots, the buffalo has himself been trained to hunt, being guided by a string attached to his horn, the hunter meanwhile crouching behind him. In Australia the natives bring the wallaby or young kangaroo within the range of the spear by suspending a small bird's skin and feathers from the end of a long rod and imitating the bird's cry. The artfulness of the Australian is also shown by his method of taking waterfowl. The coast-people are usually excellent swimmers, and they will get amongst a flock of ducks by swimming long distances under water and breathing through a reed; or they will merely cover the head with weed and swim, without causing a ripple, until they are within reach of the birds, which they quietly pull under one by one without giving alarm to the rest of the flock. This latter is perhaps the simplest form of duck-hunting, and seems to have been noticed in other parts of the world.

In the use of arms and implements, the uncivilized man shows equal skill. Amongst the North American Indians the bow and arrow attained its highest development, and it is said on excellent authority that such is the force employed, the arrow may be sent right through a horse, or even a buffalo. The Australian will frequently kill a pigeon with his spear at a distance of thirty paces; and on the Murray it is a favorite feat to dive into the river spear in hand and come up with a fish upon it. The Hottentot, again, seldom fails to kill a hare with his rackum stick at thirty or forty yards; and the Bechuanas and Zulus bring down birds on the wing with a throw of their round-headed club or "knobkerry." In Brazil, in addition to the bow and arrow, the natives—even the children—everywhere use the "gravatana," or blowpipe, with great dexterity. This may be said to be the characteristic weapon of the South American tropics. It consists of a perfectly straight palm-stem, in which a small arrow is placed and forcibly expelled by the breath. The tubes vary in length from a few inches to twelve feet, and internally are carefully cleaned and polished. The arrows are made to fit the bore by a slight binding of tree-cotton round the lower extremity, and the points are made extremely sharp and tipped with curari poison. From the facts that the blowpipe is absolutely silent, that, owing to the care bestowed on its manufacture, it is exceeding accurate, and that the slightest puncture by the poisoned arrow generally proves fatal, the weapon is formidable; and it is used with great effect against small animals and birds, and occasionally in war.

Another curious weapon, the bolas, is found in only parts of the globe, Greenland and Patagonia. The South America form is merely a cord of some yards in length with a heavy stone attached to either end. The hunter whirls one stone several times above his head, and throws it with great force at his victim, round whose body the cord becomes tightly wound. The Patagonians are said to use the weapon effectually at a distance of eighty yards whilst going at full speed on horseback. In the use of the lasso also, the Indians of the Pampas are hardly inferior to the most skilful of Mexican herdsmen, no animal of less speed than a horse having the slightest chance against them.

"ME KNOWS ENGLISH."—An intelligent Sepoy one day came into a telegraph office in India, and handed in a message to send to a station in Central India. Having read the message, I told him there was something wrong.

"No, sahib; me knows English," he said.

Again I attempted to explain to him that it was worded wrongly.

"Me knows English," he declared haughtily and indignantly; "if you no send, me report superintendent Mandalay." Thus threatened, I forwarded message—

"Come quick; father dangerously dead."

DICK: "I never saw such a fellow as Harry. He seems to go about with his eyes shut. When I go anywhere I always see twice as much as Harry." Thomas: "Yes. Harry, I understand, is a total abstainer."

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For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

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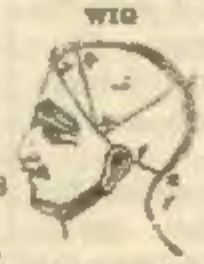

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